Vol. CXL. No. 1817.

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[THE BYSTANDER October 12, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 12—October 18

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.—A new comedy with Barrie Livesey: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her shrewd portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The Old Vic company in a Guthrie modern-dress production; Alec Guinness as the Prince: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Lee Tracy, Tamara Geva, with excellent support; Apollo, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

THE LAST TRUMP.—An end of the world theme by James Bridie shows Seymour Hicks as a hard financier, Hazel Terry as a hard girl, Cecil Trouncer as (usual) a doctor: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

ON BORROWED TIME.—Ian Hay has adapted from Paul Osborn's play from L. E. Watson's novel; a whimsical allegory: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esmé Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Robert Speaight as Ulysses and Robert Harris as Troilus, in a modern dress production: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—"Priestley in light-hearted vein," with Frank Petingell and Helena Pickard: St. Martin's, 8.30.

THE WHITE GUARD.—Adapted by Rodney Ackland from a Russian play of the revolution, it has a large cast headed by Peggy Ashcroft, Michael Redgrave, Marius Goring: Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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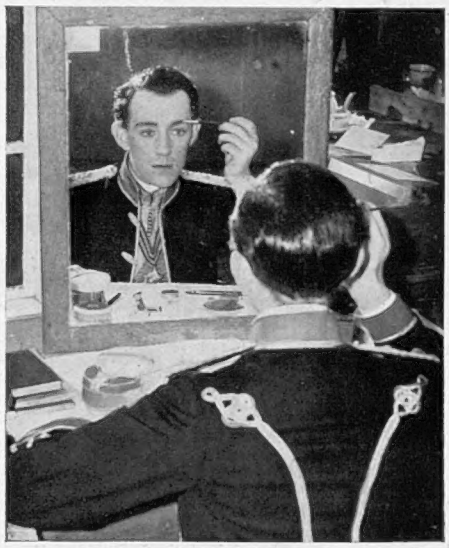
With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The first of Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon's musical period pieces, set in Italy, stars Frederick Ranalow and Eirene Eisinger: Kingsway, 8.15.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.



The Modern Hamlet

Alec Guinness is making up for the part in Guthrie's production of "Hamlet" in modern dress, which was done at Buxton. Now at the Old Vic

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 110.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Henri Decoin directed his wife, Danielle Darrieux, and Charles Vanel in this: Studio One.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (American).—Another Hollywood essay in history-legend, with Errol Flynn, opens the new Warner Theatre (Daly's that was).

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (American).—This picture tells how a young violinist rises to fame in swing music; thirty songs by Irving Berlin incorporated: Regal.

ALGIERS (American).—Hollywood's version of *Pépé le Moko* is lavishly done, with Charles Boyer as Pépé, Sigrid Gurie as his native sweetheart, Hedy Lamarr as the Parisienne: Odeon.

THE DRUM (British) and DR. RHYTHM (American).—Sabu, Raymond Massey and Valerie Hobson in one, Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie and Mary Carlisle in the other: Tivoli.

FLASHBACKS.—Cochran has assembled a priceless selection of antique films: Palace Theatre.

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME (American).—Ginger Rogers is a fifty-week a year typist, but this deals with her meeting with Fairbanks, Junior, in the other two: Plaza.

HEY, HEY, U.S.A. (British).—Will Hay crosses the Atlantic into gangsterdom: Gaumont.

THE LADY VANISHES (British).—A comedy crook drama with Margaret Cockwood, Michael Redgrave, Philip Redgrave: Empire.

MADEMOISELLE MA MÈRE (French).—Not up to the standard we expect from France or La Darrieux; a crazy marriage comedy: Berkeley.

PRISON SANS BARREAUX (French).—Corinne Luchaire heads the reformatory girls in a Venice prize-winning film, whose English version is at the London Pavilion: Academy.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Edna Best, Barry Barnes, and Corinne Luchaire, with three or four English starlets, in a reformatory setting: London Pavilion.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (American) and WIVES UNDER SUSPICION (American).—Danielle Darrieux and Fairbanks Junior in one, Gail Patrick and Warren William in the other: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH (American).—Another exciting slice of American history, salmon pirates in the Alaskan icebergs this time, with George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour: Carlton.

THE STRANGE MONSIEUR VICTOR (French).—Raimu in a sinister Jekyll and Hyde rôle, with Pierre Blanchar: Curzon.

OPERA and BALLET

THE VIC-WELLS COMPANIES are at Golders Green until the end of this week (mats. Thurs. and Sat.), then from Tuesday next at Sadler's Wells.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber Music

ELISABETH SCHUMANN.—Her only recital this season: Queen's Hall, Fri., 14th, 8.30.

YVETTE GUILBERT.—The second and last recital by the great diseuse: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 15th, 8.30.

THE MENGES QUARTET.—The first of six recitals of Beethoven string quartets: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 18th, 8.15.

Orchestral

THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.—Beecham conducts in Haydn's 97th Symphony, Dvorak's Symphonic Variations, Tchaikowsky's 6th Symphony: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 13th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The first of this season, with Beecham and the L.P.O., is a Weber, Delius, Mozart, Beethoven programme: Covent Garden, Sun., 16th, 3.15.

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No. 1817. Vol. CXL.

The Bystander

Anthony Buckley

Lilli Palmer Tries Again

Lilli Palmer was trained as an actress in Mitteleuropa, but when that part of the world began to decompose culturally she came to England and rapidly made a name on our screen, in pictures such as *The Great Barrier*, *Sunset in Vienna*, and *Cracker Jack* (not yet shown). She also made one stage appearance in an unsuccessful play, *Road to Gandahar*. To-night she tries again at the Apollo in Kenneth Horne's *Tree of Eden*, in which she plays a girl called Eve on an island called Paradise, where she has never seen a man. Louise Hampton plays her eccentric mother, Sebastian Shaw plays Ferdinand to her Miranda. Concurrent with rehearsals for *Tree of Eden* Miss Palmer has been acting a sophisticated part in a new Gainsborough film, so she has been visiting the hairdresser daily to have her hair put up or let down

The Chaplain of the British Legion drew his kit for Czechoslovakian duty at Olympia: the Right Rev. J. W. Hunkin, Bishop of Truro. Left is the Rev. J. H. Parsons, former Warwickshire cricketer, another Legion padre

The First Division Commander of the British Legionnaires for Czechoslovakia is Lt.-Gen. Sir James O'Dowda, here receiving kit at Olympia. On the morrow of the distribution of the "chauffeurs' uniforms" it was first rumoured that the Legion might not be wanted after all

The National Chairman of the British Legion, Sir F. Fetherston-Godley, also drew his kit

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE whole world is now examining, considering, scrutinising, and thoughtfully pondering the implications and meanings of the Munich Agreement. The first fine careless rapture has passed, and quiet judgment has taken its place. This country has, it seems to me, very quickly and very abruptly divided itself into the two obvious schools of thought: that is to say, on the one side passionate admiration for Mr. Chamberlain, and on the other, what you might call Duff-Cooperism.

SO vehemently do the partisans of the two schools feel about their respective points of view that rational conversation and argument have quickly become almost impossible. One side shouts, in effect, "It is peace with honour in our time," while the other shouts, in effect, "There's no honour and mighty little chance of peace." So there it is. Time alone will show which is right.

IN the meantime, while we are waiting to see what time will show, it is legitimate to record the passage of some straws in the wind, to draw a few inferences, and to see what we have learnt from the crisis. First and foremost comes Lord Baldwin's plea for industrial mobilisation. The *Daily Express*, of course, instantly demands why Lord Baldwin did not mobilise industry in his time of power. But presumably we ought to look to the future just now. The past has gone. If there is one thing which the crisis has proved, it is that we do not merely require industrial mobilisation; we urgently require national civilian mobilisation. That is to say, the nation should be organised so that everyone knows what to do next time.

THE muddle of the crisis was dreadful. In bygone years it was Britain's very silly, very smug boast that we always "muddled through." If it should unhappily turn out that Mr. Chamberlain is wrong, and that we have not secured peace in our time, we shall find ourselves up against adversaries who do not muddle, adversaries who leave as little as possible to chance. Next time, if it comes, there won't be time to muddle. Some sort of national civilian conscription is essential.

AND if that is conceded, that some sort of civilian conscription is now necessary, then it becomes obvious that certain administrators who are at present kicking their heels ought to be brought in to help. I dislike the politics of Mr. Amery, for example, but his force and drive ought to be at the service of the State. So ought Lord Lloyd's. And, of paramount importance, so ought Mr. Churchill's.

THE fact that Mr. Chamberlain has again refused to introduce conscription in peace time need not surely prevent some sort of scheme of national registration. If the country is to prepare for future emergencies, preparation ought to cover everybody and not merely those who are patriotic enough to devote their time as volunteers.

THE Government got its majority all right in the House of Commons, and there was only a small number of Conservative abstentions. The most important of which were, of course, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden. By far the best defence of the Government's policy was that of Sir John Simon. The Chancellor is always in good form when he has a tricky bit of defence to put up. Those who remember the celebrated Malcolm case during the war will agree with this.

ANOTHER thing we have learnt from the crisis is the deep solidarity of the women of the country against war. In 1914 the women of the country were convinced that the only possible course for Britain was to make a stand against Prussian militarism. In 1938 they are solid in believing that no stand against Prussian militarism is worth the horrors of another war. If Mr. Chamberlain goes to the country at once, he will get a smashing majority on the women's vote.

AS to the new political situation which has been created in Europe, let us see where we stand. France's post-war system of alliances has broken down. That is one clear fact. Czechoslovakia, the Little Entente, and Poland have no longer any faith in French promises. Russia has withdrawn into a mantle of impenetrable darkness. Hungary has been drawn into the Teutonic orbit. The Rumanian oil wells are much nearer the Teutonic aeroplanes than they were before. The Skoda armament works are now on the edge of Germany. Britain for the first time has "guaranteed" a European frontier. The League of Nations is dead. Twenty-five German divisions have been liberated for service elsewhere. But the catalogue could go on for pages. Let us sum it up by saying that the European alignment has been fundamentally altered in a day.

NOW let us look at some of the straws in the wind that is blowing so violently past us.

The *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent in Prague reports that the German Army

is taking great care to hand back captured guns and ammunition to the Czech Army, and, in fact, tactfully treating the Czechs as potential allies. The Prague Government is so bitter against France and Britain that it is disposed to become an ally of Germany.

The British Ambassador in Warsaw offered his services as a mediator in the Teschen affair. The Polish Foreign Minister could not even be bothered to talk to his Britannic Majesty's representative. He simply sent a clerk out to tell him that his visit was untimely.

Mobilisation and A.R.P. are estimated to have cost the nation £30,000,000.

Ten million pounds is being lent by us to the Czechs at once. At least, the money won't actually get to the Czechs. It will be used for Exchange Stabilisation to maintain the Czech crown. Another thirty millions or thereabouts will be lent to the Czechs for reconstruction. This is, in effect, to compensate them for the "installations" which they have handed over under the Munich Agreement. In essence, therefore, we are going to buy the "installations" from Czechoslovakia and give them as a present to Germany. You and I will pay for this present.

The Dominions were not consulted about the "Guarantee" of the new Czech frontiers. Nobody knows what a "Guarantee" means in International Law. This has just been discovered.

The International Commission, which has been deciding the areas of occupation in Czechoslovakia, has accepted Berlin's demand that the basis on which they should work is to be the 1910 census. This census was taken when Austria was at the top of her power and the Czechs were definitely down. The Commission's acceptance of this basis means that about a million Czechs will be transferred to Germany.

A German friend of mine tells me that as Mr. Chamberlain's aeroplane was leaving Munich and was still actually visible from the aerodrome, Herr Hitler began a broadcast with the words, "I have listened to the peace-whining of the Western Powers."

A Highland friend of mine was in Paris on the day of the mobilisation. Paris, he said, was incomparably calmer and cooler than London. In 1914 they said "Les sales Boches." In 1938 they said "Les pauvres Boches."

There is a strong rumour from Warsaw that Germany has ordered Lithuania to denounce the British-Lithuanian Trade Agreement and to trade solely with Germany in future.

DURING the crisis theatres suffered very badly, and several shows had to come off which might well have pulled through in luckier times. Now that it is all over, however, there is a distinct feeling of optimism, and the plans are all set for an important theatrical autumn.

HENRY COTTON'S victory over the three ladies at golf was made possible partly, of course, by his brilliant play, but partly because of the state of the ground. The course was playing long and heavily and Cotton's enormous power got more than its due advantage.

THERE is a remarkable exhibition of water-colours at the Wertheim Gallery at 8, Burlington Gardens. The painter is Mr. David Burton, formerly an employee of a railway company and, after being crippled by an accident, for the last twenty years a pavement artist. Mr. Burton is a wholly original artist, and his twenty-three pictures are well worth a visit.

A FORTNIGHT ago I asked for the sake of information where the Friends of National Spain would stand in the matter of German aviators on Franco's side if this country and France had found themselves aligned against Germany in a European war. Lord Phillimore replies as follows:

"In the first place, if the BYSTANDER will look at our published statement of our aims, he will see that we state:

"'But not to encourage intervention in the affairs of Spain.'

"and will realise that the Friends of National Spain have never supported any foreign interference in this Spanish quarrel.

"Further, a little reflection will show that a small force of German aviators and technicians based at aerodromes in the centre of National Spain are hardly in a military position to embroil a Spanish force of 750,000 men with the neighbouring country of France.

"Finally, I hope he will note the declaration in to-day's *Times* by General Franco of his desire to remain neutral in the Czechoslovakian dispute."

Sir Abe Bailey *sat in his car to watch his Golden Sovereign run in Newmarket's First Autumn Meeting. It was third in the Norwich Handicap*

Three Ladies played Cotton *in a match at Maylands, Essex, in aid of the Fairplay Fund. Miss Enid Wilson, Mme. René Lacoste and Lady Heathcoat-Amory found Henry Cotton's impeccable 67 too much for them by 4 holes to 3*

Four men and one woman *members of Parliament walked up in formation to get good seats for the short and stormy "peace with honour" session of Parliament: Comdr. Robert Tatton Bower (Cons., Cleveland), who saw service at Jutland, and who abstained in the confidence vote; the Hon. John Joseph Stourton (Cons., S. Salford), brother of the Catholic Lord Mowbray, whose ancestors were first called to Parliament in 1283; Miss Florence Horsbrugh (Cons., Dundee); Lt.-Col. Mayhew (Cons., East Ham), agriculturalist and industrialist; and Mr. G. Rickards (Cons., Skipton)*

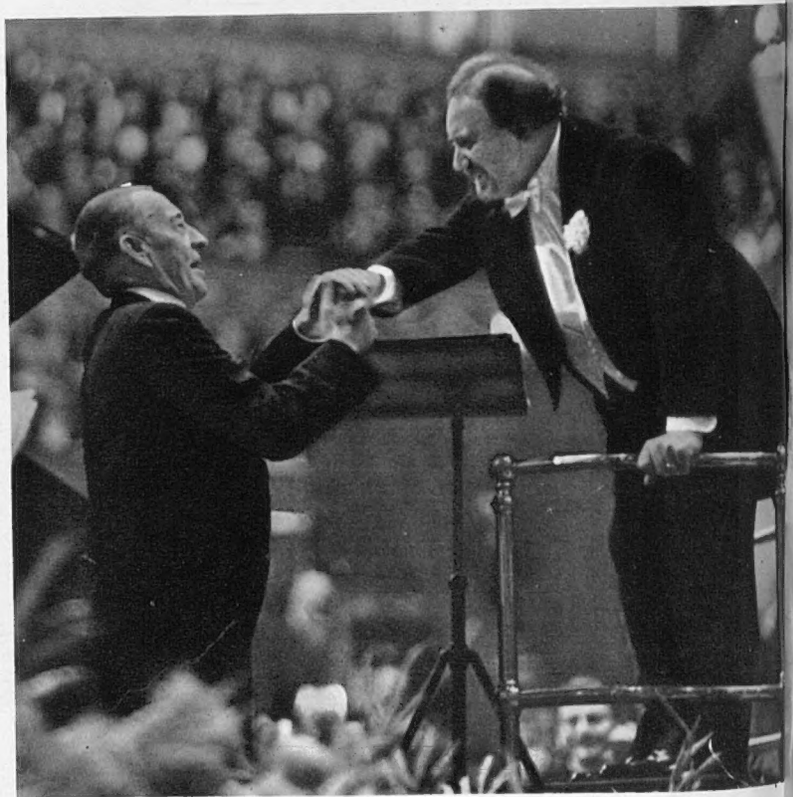
Personality News Reel

Mr. Leonard Jennings *stands beside his newly completed statue of King George V. in the coronation robes his late Majesty wore at Delhi in 1912. The statue goes to Putna, Bihar, and joins many other Jennings sculptures in India, such as those of King Edward VII. (Bangalore), of Edward Prince of Wales (Bombay), the Thackeray memorial (Calcutta), the Delhi cavalry memorial*

Mr. Jacob Epstein *undertook to do a head of Mr. Robert Flaherty: here the Irishman and Jew pose with the result in the latter's Hyde Park Gate studio. Flaherty made his name for the public with "Man of Arran," then enhanced his reputation with "Elephant Boy" under Korda's production. He is fifty-four, four years younger than Epstein*

Sir William Rothenstein, *seen with his wife, celebrates his jubilee as an artist with an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries which covers his career from his first exhibited picture (1891) to to-day, including portraits from Emile Zola to the Duke of Windsor. His forbears were Hanoverian wool-merchants. His son was made director of the Tate Gallery this year*

Signor Toscanini *left Europe on the Normandie to give his annual series of broadcast concerts in the U.S.A., after denying reports that Italy had made any passport difficulties. At Saint-Lazare he was seen off for Havre by his elder daughter, Mme. Vladimir Horowitz, and his granddaughter. The maestro was seventy-one in March*



Sir Henry Wood *was another jubilean of last week; his many fans packed the Albert Hall to hear him conduct a vast orchestra and choir in a largely English programme—Vaughan Williams, Bax, Handel, Sullivan and Rachmaninoff. Sergei Rachmaninoff himself was the pianist in his C minor concerto; here he personally congratulates Wood. The Vaughan Williams work was "Serenade to Music"*

To Broadcasting House *on "peace with honour" day went the B.B.C.'s new director in a new suit. Fond of walking, Mr. F. W. Ogilvie has North London's most pleasant walk to work, from St. John's Wood to Portland Place, through Regent's Park. He took over on October 1st*

To Parliament *from his house in Smith Square walked Sir Patrick Hannon at 7.30 in the morning, to bag a good seat for the stormy debates about "peace with honour." Member for the Moseley Division of Birmingham, his private interests include small arms, sauces, hotels, cars*

To the cinema *to see their film, "Pygmalion," press-shown went Bernard Shaw, author, Anthony Asquith, director, Wendy Hiller, Eliza, and Leslie Howard, Higgins. Shaw then told the Press: "I'm delighted with the adaptation. I wrote it myself. The films can have all my plays—at a price!" "Pygmalion" is at the Leicester Square*

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

Miss Graham Brown and Mr. Akroyd

Bertram Akroyd, youngest son of Sir Frederic and Lady Akroyd, of Birstwith Hall, Harrogate, and Margot Graham Brown, the elder daughter of L. Graham Brown, of 5, Robert Adam Street, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Mr. Hulbert and Miss Elisabeth Lovett

John Harvey Hulbert wore full-dress Royal Horse Artillery uniform for his Salisbury Cathedral wedding to Elisabeth Lovett, daughter of the Bishop of Salisbury, and the late Mrs. Neville Lovett. He is the son of Major T. E. Hulbert, of Fir Hill, Doxford, Hants.

Mr. Kindersley and Miss Darwin

C. Richard H. Kindersley also wore uniform for his marriage to Vivien Darwin, daughter of Major and Mrs. C. J. W. Darwin, of Elston Hall, Newark. He is the elder son of Lt.-Col. A. O. L. Kindersley, of Hamstead Grange, I.O.W.; is in the H.L.I.

B.B.C. Director of Music Sir Adrian Boult and pianist Harriet Cohen were among the musicians of England in the vast Albert Hall audience at Sir Henry Wood's Jubilee Concert. All profits went to the Henry Wood Jubilee Fund

AUDIENCE AT A JUBILEE CONCERT

Sir Adrian Boult and Miss Harriet Cohen

DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA

Lady Mary Lygon and Earl Beauchamp

Lady Mary Lygon went off to America last week with her father, Lord Beauchamp, to attend the Ligon reunion in Washington. They crossed in the Normandie, on which a fellow-traveller was Signor Toscanini *(see p. 40)*

Miss Pamela Schreiber and the Countess of Brecknock

Pamela Schreiber and Lady Brecknock went to hear Sir Henry Wood conduct the grandest "Prom" of his life—his Jubilee Concert. Lady Brecknock had spent the day playing golf at Ranelagh *(see p. 61)*

A CHRISTENING

Richard Charles Tunstall Redmayne

Mr. and Mrs. John Redmayne's son was christened at the Brompton Oratory. His parents were married in the spring of 1937; Mrs. Redmayne was Audrey D'Alton. John Redmayne is the elder son of Sir Richard and Lady Redmayne, of the Grove, Great Baddow, Essex

A SCOTTISH BALL

Engaged Couple

This rather cruel picture of Pamela Spens and E. K. L. Melville was taken at the Stirling County Ball. She is the daughter of Col. Hugh Spens, of Powis House, Stirling. He is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and is at the Depot

First Dance in Scotland

Minna Mary Royds came out last year, but the Stirling County Ball was her first Scottish dance. Her partner is Bobbie Kennard, in the 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (T.A.). Later on she plans to go to America

SATURDAY RACING AT KEMPTON

Two Leigh Sisters

Joyce and Betty Leigh went down to Kempton together for the Autumn Meeting. Their father, Claude Leigh, had his horse Bonfire entered, but it didn't run. He trains with Marcus Marsh

Two Young-Marrieds

Mrs. Villiers-Bergne (formerly Diana Holman Hunt) just south from Scotland, went to Kempton and met Mrs. Francis Vane-Tempest, whose knowledgeable advice on racing is worth having

Two Owners

Miss Blanche Rowe, who paid some high prices at the Deauville yearling sales, wore check-heeled shoes to match her suit and hat. Mrs. Sydney Wilkinson as an owner concentrates on steeplechasing

"Old Bill" and the Legion

Specially drawn for the BYSTANDER *by Bruce Bairnsfather*

"Yes, Bert, I'm goin' to see that everyone who wants to finds a better 'ole"

Gone Native

GUINNESS GOES WITH OYSTERS

G.E.774.

At the Restaurant you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

Crisis Resignation: Mr. Duff Cooper Leaves the Admiralty

Mr. Duff Cooper said that his resignation from the Government was accepted "not, I think, with reluctance, but really with relief." However that may be, much sympathy is felt with him that his opinion of the Government's foreign policy should have impelled him to resign at a moment when praise for that policy is infinitely more popular than criticism. And still more that he should have had to leave an office which he says is "the one I envied above all others in the State." He had been First Lord of the Admiralty only since 1937, when he moved from the War Office to succeed Sir Samuel Hoare. He and Lady Diana Cooper were photographed as they returned to the Admiralty for the last time after a week-end in the country. Now they must leave the lovely old rooms between Whitehall and St. James's Park where the First Lord lives, and move north to their own house in Gower Street. Mr. Duff Cooper becomes a private Member (for St. George's, Westminster), with an exceptional literary talent. In his own summing-up he says: "I have ruined, perhaps, my political career. But that is a little matter; I have retained something which is to me of great value—I can still walk about the world with my head erect"

Photographs by

The Lady Ann Elliot

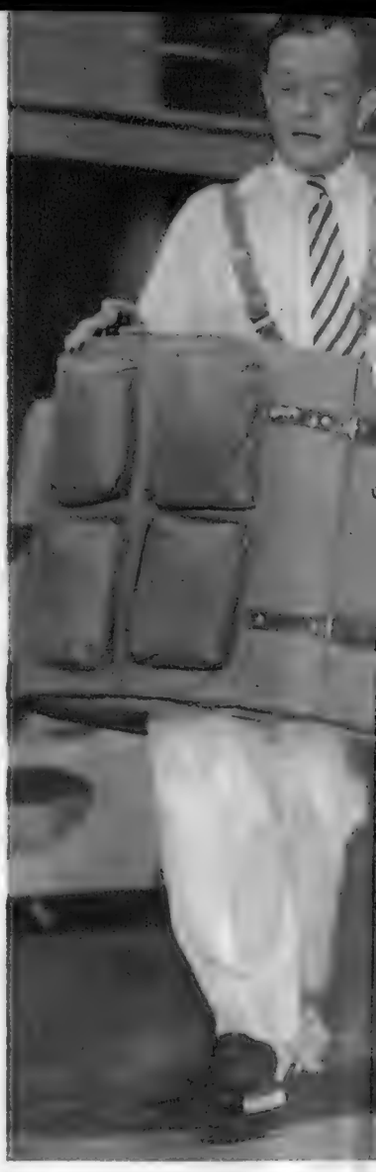
Lady Ann Elliot, the Earl of Jersey's younger sister, twenty-two this year, was married in June 1937, to Alexander Elliot, son of the late Gilbert Elliot, and a kinsman of the Earl of Minto. His mother, Mrs. Elliot, is American, and was Marguerita Barbey, of New York. The Elliots have a baby daughter, Victoria, who is getting on for six months old, and who has her American aunt, Lady Jersey (Virginia Cherrill that was), as one of her godparents. The family of three live in a house in Southwick Street, W.1

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Jane Nelson

Another twenty-two-year-old young married is Lady Jane Nelson, whose husband is John Nelson, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Nelson, of 3, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1. They were married in 1936, live at the Barn, Dippenhall, Surrey, and hunt with the Bicester and Grafton. John Nelson is in the Grenadier Guards. Lady Jane Nelson is the elder sister of the late Duke of Grafton, who died as a result of a motor-racing accident two years ago. Her twenty-year-old sister is Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy

*"**Running Riot**" is the name of Firth Shephard's present perennial at the Gaiety, with Emney, Hearne, Louise Browne, old Uncle Henson and all. The show has played 49 performances to date.. There are 55 actors in it. The total staff employed by the production is 178. The cost of putting on a Gaiety show is not divulged. Above are Leslie Henson and Fred Emney in the East-End sailors' scene: the former weighs 11 stone, the latter 17½ stone*



*"**Bobby, Get Your Gun,**" is the ti youngest of the plays illustrated on thes 60 actors. The total employment given are Bobby Howes, 43, who plays an ur*

The London Theatre: Seven new shows and some facts about them

*"**Troilus and Cressida,**" in modern dress, has run for 24 performances at the Westminster. There are 32 actors employed, and 72 total staff; 100 revolvers are used in the play. The production cost £500, for a great deal of the stage work is done in the theatre. On the left are Ruth Lodge as Cressida and Robert Harris as Troilus*

*"**Good-bye, Mr. Chips,**" the play from James Hilton's novel, has run 22 performances at the Shaftesbury. There are 40 actors employed and 127 total staff. The cost of production was £2900. On the right is Constance Cummings as Mrs. Chips. Leslie Banks plays Mr. Chips, the schoolmaster*

itle of Bobby Howes' new musical at the Adelphi Theatre. It is the ise two pages, having run five performances to date. In the cast are en is to 350 persons. The cost of production was £15,000. Above undergraduate, and Diana (Josephine) Churchill, 25, his leading lady

"The Corn Is Green." *Emlyn Williams' play which he has based on his own life, has run 25 performances at the Duchess Theatre. Like many of the best things on stage and screen, its statistics do not run into big figures; there are 20 actors, a total stage staff of 32, it cost £2000 to produce. Above are Emlyn Williams as the South Wales boy and Sybil Thorndike as the schoolmistress*

"The Last Trump," *James Bridie's play from the Malvern Festival, has run 34 performances at the Duke of York's. There are 20 actors employed, counting understudies, and 50 total staff. The cost of production was two to three thousand pounds. On the left are Sir Seymour Hicks as the financier, Hazel Terry as the modern girl*

"These Foolish Things," *the Crazy Gang's new show at the Palladium, has run 26 performances; 80 actors are employed, 286 total staff at full time. The cost of production was £15,000. There are 673 costumes used. On the right is Bud Flanagan as a char in the roof-top scene: he weighs 13 st. 6 lb., has nine changes in each show*

Anthony

Edward Seago, Painter of the Ballet

Edward Seago sailed the Saturday before last, on the Ile de France, for America. Next Monday, an exhibition of his ballet paintings opens at Carroll Carstair's Gallery in New York, and this coincides with the season there of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and with the American publication of *Tribute to Ballet* (see opposite). Seago, a Norfolk man, has successfully turned his brush from landscape and country themes to the dance. He is here painting Alicia Markova as a Sylphide; she is with Massine's ballet in New York. Two of Seago's studies from *Tribute to Ballet* are reproduced in colour in the Christmas *Bystander*, published November 18th

Anthony

John Masefield, Poet of the Ballet

Tribute to Ballet, referred to opposite, is to be published here early in November. In this book the Poet Laureate, as fits his calling, has turned his attention to the most fashionable art of to-day. Thirty-two verses describe the moods and impressions of a member of the ballet audience. Mr. Masefield has been remarkably active recently. A quatrain to Neville Chamberlain appeared in *The Times* over his name at the opening of the crisis. *Dead Ned*, his eighteenth-century novel, appeared at the close of the crisis, and last Friday his play, *The Witch*, was performed at the Tavistock Little Theatre

In the Country

Prince Chula of Siam Took His Bride to Devonshire

Prince Chula of Siam and Miss Elizabeth Hunter were married, like dozens of other young couples, earlier than they had planned on account of the crisis. Then they went off to a farm near Okehampton in Devon for their honeymoon, where the young Princess took a passing fancy for a silky black and white piglet. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunter, of 5, Upper Phillimore Gardens, W.8. Her husband is the King of Siam's cousin

Miss Ursula Watson is engaged to Lord Montgomerie, the Earl of Eglinton and Winton's elder son, and they are being married in the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh, in November. She and her sister April were at the 4th/7th Dragoons' beagles meet at Barnton, near Edinburgh. They are the daughters of the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Watson, and live in Clarendon Crescent in Edinburgh

Lord and Lady Lyell at Kinnordy

Lord and Lady Lyell were married last July, and since their honeymoon have been at his Scottish home, Kinnordy House, in Angus. There this Sunday morning snapshot was taken. He is the second Baron, succeeded his grandfather in 1926, is in the Scots Guards Supplementary Reserve. She is the second daughter of Major and Lady Betty Trafford, and is twenty-two, three years younger than her husband

Miss Ursula Watson and Her Sister Go Beagling

Ramon Batlles

Portrait of a Dancer — Nina Tarakanova

Tarakanova has danced all this year with Massine's company, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, first in Monte Carlo itself, then in London, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In the first of Massine's new ballets, *Gaité Parisienne*, she created the part of La Gantière, and in the *Seventh Symphony* had an important solo, among her other parts. A pupil of Kchessinska, she first came here with de Basil, joined Woizikowsky as a soloist in 1935, went to the Blum company in 1936, and appeared with them in London last year. She has a natural grace and charm which, with her lightness and speed, gives her dancing an attractive quality of its own. During the Drury Lane season she married Gray Shaw, a young shipowner whom she met in Monte Carlo in the spring. Last week it was reported that she was remaining in England with him this winter instead of going with the Massine company on their American tour

Carreras Ltd.—150 years' Reputation for Quality

C.A.I.C.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Ladies at Aldeburgh

I WATCHED my first English Ladies' Amateur Championship last month at Aldeburgh. I do not, as a rule, have opportunities of seeing ladies' golf championships; in fact, I have only seen four in my life. I saw the start and the finish of the Ladies' Amateur Championship at Southport and Ainsdale in 1936, when Miss Pamela Barton won, after having reached the final the previous two years; this year I have seen both the Ladies' Amateur Championship at Burnham, Somerset, and, as I have already said, the English Ladies' Amateur Championship, which was played a fortnight ago. The other ladies' championship which I attended was played many years ago when I was very young. It was the Ladies' Championship (it was not necessary at that time to insert the word "amateur"), which was won by a lady who also won the Ladies' Lawn Tennis Singles Championship at Wimbledon, who was a first-class skater and who was also in the first flight with a bow and arrow.

When attending a ladies' championship one cannot help comparing it with a men's championship and noting the various and many differences. The first difference, of course, is the very much smaller entry in the ladies' events. At ladies' championships it is consequently very much easier to get starting times, both on the first tee and at the bar, and there seems to be not nearly so much hurry and hustle as at a men's championship. Also (and this really is extraordinarily strange) I find that at a ladies' championship the players do not talk nearly so much about the putts which they have either missed, or holed, in the club-house after their matches.

I must confess that at Aldeburgh I was very disappointed at the standard of play; it is difficult to find the cause of this, but perhaps the rumours of war had a detrimental effect on the play generally. In the six matches played on the last day but one the approximate average scores of the twelve players concerned for the number of holes played was no less than 10·2 strokes over fours, and only two players, the winner and Mrs. E. M. Rhodes, had any hope of beating the score of 80.

In the final neither player could do better than 80 in the morning, and would not have done so in the afternoon if it had been necessary to play the thirty-sixth hole. Bad chipping and bad putting were chiefly responsible for the high scores. It is strange, especially when you consider that touch and not force is required, that men should chip and putt so much better than women.

I THOUGHT the golf course at Aldeburgh an admirable one on which to play a Ladies' Championship. It is, as everyone who plays the game knows, beneath the dignity of any lady golfer of championship class to play from the L.G.U. tees, and she only does so to return a card for her handicap, and once she has got her handicap she shuns them like the plague until another score has to be returned for handicap purposes. L.G.U. tees are apparently constructed mainly to ease the strain on aged golfers, both male and female. Ladies' championships are usually played from the men's forward tees. Some ladies at Aldeburgh held the view that the course was a little on the short side. Not only do I not agree with this view, but I take the entirely opposite one, and am strongly of the opinion that the competitors generally would have enjoyed their golf more and would have been called on to produce a very much greater variety of shots if the tees had been put further forward. As the course played, iron play, especially long shots with the iron, was practically non-existent. In the final, with the exception of the one-shot holes, Miss Elsie Corlett and Miss Joy Winn required wood for every second shot, except at the twelfth hole, and it was Miss Corlett's accurate long second shots with wood which were responsible to a very large extent for her victory.

I played a match at Aldeburgh four weeks before this Championship started and found everyone interested in the club praying for rain. At the time of my visit the course, which had missed even the small amount of rain which had fallen in the neighbourhood, was so hard and dry that long players like J. H. Thompson, of Hunstanton and Charterhouse, found it advisable to take an iron off many of the tees.

Fortunately, before the Championship started ample rain had fallen to put the course into first-class playing condition. Gorse lies along the sides of nearly all the fairways, consequently straight hitting was essential, and, as it should be, at many of the holes if you desire a reasonably easy second shot you must hug the left or right of the fairway with your tee shot and risk the danger of finishing in the gorse. A short tee shot in the right place is much better at Aldeburgh than a very long one to the wrong place from which, although the ball may be lying perfectly, the angle to the green makes the following shot difficult, or in some cases impossible.

The greens, even during and immediately after rain, were always fast, and consequently the ham-handed putters (and there are just as many of them among lady golfers as male golfers) had little hope of success. The putting at Aldeburgh is always difficult, owing to the fast greens and the borrows, but it is always absolutely fair, and there are few courses on which the really good putter reaps richer rewards for his or her skill.

THE course is situated about one mile from the sea, on a light sandy soil on which perfect turf for the game can and has been produced. It is in extremely pleasant surroundings, with the River Alde, often swarming with sailing boats, in clear view to the south.

There are few places where you can enjoy your golf more. Aldeburgh provides good golf, pleasant golf, and golf which tests the best players, and what more does anyone want?

Miss Elsie Corlett, playing in her thirteenth English Ladies' Championship and in her fourth Championship final, won by defeating in the final the local heroine, Miss Joy Winn, by 2 holes up and 1 hole to play over thirty-six holes. I do not think there was anyone present, not even the most ardent supporter of Aldeburgh, who did not agree that the right lady won. It is very pleasant nowadays to see a final, like this one, played without any unnecessary waste of time.

Chislehurst, *represented by brothers W. Lister Hartley and Rex Hartley, won the London amateur foursomes at Worplesdon for the fourth time, having done so before in '23, '24 and '28*

Verulam *were the runners-up in the London amateur foursomes. Represented by W. Wright and J. G. Bland, they were beaten by two holes after a great fight. Wright is 59*

West Surrey *were represented in the London foursomes at Worplesdon by R. T. H. Chalcroft and D. H. Bullock. They reached the semi-final to lose to Verulam by one hole*

Worplesdon *were the other semi-finalists on their own course, represented by Col. J. R. Johnston and J. C. Laurie. They were beaten by the eventual winners by two holes in the final*

The Cubbing Season: Mr. Guy Cubitt, acting Master of the Crawley and Horsham, gets information from a local

Howard Marshall on Sport

It was not really surprising to learn that Donald Budge had turned professional. This had been in the offing for many months, and it must be difficult for any man to resist the sort of offers which are made to lawn tennis players of Budge's eminence.

His entry into the professional arena should considerably augment the public interest in the lawn tennis circus, of which Perry and Vines are already such flourishing members.

I hear that Budge is virtually signed-up to appear in a world tournament at Wembley next spring; and I wonder very much how long it will be before we have an open tournament in which amateurs and professionals can compete. This is dangerous ground, despite the fact that we do not worry our heads about an open golf championship, and I cannot for the life of me see the difference between professionals in golf or tennis.

There would, I suppose, be an outcry if anyone suggested an open tournament at Wembley, but equally the public interest would be immense. It is high time we had some straight thinking about this professional question; and it might help if someone could kindly come along and give us a watertight definition of true amateur status.

Wimbledon, incidentally, looks like being a bit thin next year. And the odd consequence of Budge's secession is that H. W. Austin must at least have an extremely good chance of winning the men's singles, though if young Bromwich, of Australia, plays at Wimbledon he will surely press Austin very hard.

The complications of the lawn tennis world, however, are nothing compared to those which agitate the minds of boxing promoters. Quite apart from Jack Doyle's Greta Garbo act, when he disappeared for an unknown destination wearing smoked glasses and an air of mystery, it appears to be extremely difficult to find a match which the public will support.

The logical sequence to the Phillips-Doyle fight is for Phillips to meet Len Harvey. But, grand boxer though Harvey is, the prospect does not seem to have aroused much excitement. The truth is that of all our

***Up the touch line** goes A. Obolensky for Rosslyn Park, but H. S. Sever, of Sale, has got him. These two made a great deal of the play in the match at the Old Deer Park, which ended in a draw, each side scoring two goals and a try*

***Flat on his face** goes G. W. C. Meikle, of Richmond, in his attempt to get Gwyn Jones, the opposing three-quarter for London Welsh. This match, Richmond's first at home, resulted in an 11—5 defeat for the Welshmen*

***Wembley Cubs** take their ice-hockey training as seriously as debutantes take their deportment. Lou Bates, Canadian captain of Wembley Lions, has introduced the above method into the Cubs' routine to make them keep their heads still—an essential of a good game*

Frank Pennink, *English amateur champion and ex-captain of Oxford, has announced his engagement to Miss Nancy Stuart, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stuart, of Church Heath, Hartfield, Sussex*

Miss Elsie Corlett *became the English ladies' amateur champion when she beat Miss Joy Winn (right) in the final at Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Miss Corlett was four up at lunch, all square at the twelfth in the afternoon, dormy three, then won two and one*

heavy-weights, Doyle seems to be the only one who is guaranteed to fill the house; and this makes life quite hideous for the promoter.

Then there is the tragedy of Benny Lynch, who seemed to be fighting in a dream when he was knocked out by Aurel Toma at Earl's Court. To see this brilliant little fighter thus pathetically reduced was tragic indeed; and it is welcome news that the National Sporting Club have offered to give him a chance of finding himself again. The N.S.C. propose that they should send him away for three months and then fix him up with a bantam-weight title match against Sixto Escobar.

If Lynch could throw off his private worries and accept this offer, he might easily make good again, for there is any amount of great fighting in him still.

To set against this rather unhappy story I like the tale of young Arthur Barber's rise to fame and possibly, in the long run, to fortune.

Not so long ago Barber was playing in junior football at Weston-super-Mare, when an Everton scout saw him and suggested that he might be given a chance in a trial match. Barber packed his bags, told his friends that he was off for a month, and arrived at Everton headquarters full of zeal, which was very sadly damped when he found that in fact he was only invited to play in one match.

So disappointed was he that the directors decided to prolong his trial, and, to their astonishment, discovered that this youngster was a potentially great player. They signed him up, shot him into the "A" team, and before very long he may be a full-blown member of the Everton side. Watch Arthur Barber, anyhow, and reflect that romance still survives, even in professional football.

The Rugby game is rather less fortunate at the moment, despite the triumphant return of the British touring team from South Africa.

Major B. C. Hartley and his men came back on Friday last, full of enthusiasm for their trip, and S. Walker, the captain, who has done his job so admirably, confirmed the fact that the British players had learned a good deal about scrummaging.

Walker is now apparently a confirmed believer in the 3-4-1 method of packing; and he intends to do his best to persuade clubs at home to adopt it. Like everything else, this method of packing demands proper and specialised application. And so far, our attempts at using it in this country have, in the main, been perfunctory and unscientific. It will be extremely interesting to see whether our returned tourists can prove to us that the old 3-2-3 method is really obsolete. I am not entirely convinced myself, but maybe the Irish pack will give us an effective demonstration.

This is all satisfactory enough. But the Rugby Union President has again put the cat among the pigeons with his circular on deplorable tendencies in the modern game.

He is entirely sincere in his conviction that Rugby football is being choked by evil practices; and most of us feel that he has already done the game a very considerable service by his repeated insistence that the true spirit and principles should everywhere be observed. It is probably necessary for him, in making out his case, to generalise rather sweepingly. From his strictures those unfamiliar with the conduct of the game might imagine that cheating was rife and on the increase. My own view is that the modern player is, in fact, as fair-minded as his predecessors, though I fancy the Rugby Union President's contention is that certain malpractices are nowadays accepted as virtually legitimate.

This applies in particular to the scrum-half's tactics; and here and there, no doubt, there are players who do contract out of the laws. It would be a pity if those who are always ready to throw mud at the game should imagine from these criticisms that the position is serious. Actually, I think it is much as it has always been, though I do not deny that this sharp call to righteousness may serve a useful purpose.

Benny Lynch *had a new experience at the N.S.C. tourney last week when he was knocked out, in round three, by a Rumanian boxer, Aurel Toma (dark shorts). Originally fixed at 8 st. 10 lb., the fight had to be changed to catchweight, as Lynch topped 9 st. 5½ lb. to his opponent's 8 st. 7 lb. Lynch's next chance will be against Escobar*

George Davis, *of Notting Hill, won the Southern Area middleweight championship at the Empress Stadium last week, by outpointing Jack Hyams, of Stepney (here crouching), over fifteen rounds. The decision was a surprise to most people at the N.S.C. headquarters: Davis punched hard to Hyams' body, but his victory must have been narrow*

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

Ranelagh and Roehampton: The First Two Days

By Eleanor E. Helme

THERE is only one thing to regret about BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes. That is their coming so close on top of the English Championship that full justice cannot be done to the play at Aldeburgh. So much might be said about that bewildering week, bewildering not only in a national sense, but also in a golfing one. It was extraordinarily hard to keep any attention at all on the game, and not rather to let it wander off to Munich and the tremendous events there. However, through all the changes and chances ran faith in Miss Elsie Corlett, almost as persistent as faith in Mr. Chamberlain, and that was completely justified when she won. It is an extraordinarily fine performance to be runner-up in the Open and winner of the English in one year, and there is no doubting the consistency of a golfer who does that.

Miss Winn put up a brave fight in the final, and if both of them putted really deplorably some of the time, I feel pretty sure, looking back on it with the mature judgment of five days, that it was caused by the sudden reaction from the awful strain of the national crisis.

Lancashire scored a double triumph by winning county finals and championship, and the north had good reason to be proud of supplying the two bronze medallists as well — namely, Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Hodgson.

SO there was Aldeburgh over, and Ranelagh and Roehampton definitely able to be played, though what with emergency driving, and anxious parents, and children to be re-evacuated, and A.R.P., and what not, there was a horrible spate of scratchings, and the starting sheets at both places were reduced to something near chaos thereby.

And there was one disastrous casualty before play started, poor Mrs. Dinerman, of Addington and Stage G.S. fame, who was to have been with Miss Harvey behind the starter's table at Roehampton, getting buried in an A.R.P. trench, whence she was lucky to escape with her life. Better, perhaps, to be a casualty without a war than with one, but sufficiently painful in either case.

Painful, too, was the weather on the first two days, so that there seemed some fear of boughs on top of players' heads, and even floods beneath their feet. At Roehampton it was indeed reported that Mrs. Hannay, she and Mrs. Alison being at that time very well up, was hit smartly on the head by a falling missile from a tree at the ninth. The golf certainly deteriorated thereafter, though the poor victim did manage to get home at the seventeenth. At Roehampton, too, somebody's club was seen to whirl out of their hand and travel considerably farther than the ball; Roehampton, apparently, means to vie with Ranelagh's reputation for providing comic incidents. The management there were thoughtfully provided with a brown paper barricade against the elements; at Ranelagh there was a grand new tent, complete with every comfort. It was certainly a wonderful innovation, appreciated by players as well as the starters.

THE first day the wind there really was terrific: it ought to have been the very opportunity for low handicaps and seasoned old players. But with customary perverseness, low handicaps refused to win (unless they had a long one as partner), and it was the babies of the event, Maureen Ruttle and Anne Heywood, who played about the best golf of the day.

At the moment of writing there are sixteen couples left in; possibly a better plan than picking winners would be to tabulate what each of them has done so far. Let us begin at the top of the list. Mrs. Pritt and Mrs. Townend (15), a bye, a walk-over, a last-green win from Mrs. Mills and Lady Brecknock, this last-named pair having

Mrs. John Gage** and **Lady Doria Neumann** (Sunningdale) were beaten in the first round at Ranelagh by a Moor Park couple, Miss D. P. V. Smith and Mrs. Roelvink. With them here is **Miss V. Paine

***Miss Anne Heywood** (Prince's) beat **Mrs. Jack Beeson** (Porters by 3 and 2 in the first round. By into the last sixteen. They reached the Miss Joy Winn (Aldeburgh) and*

***Mrs. Latham Hall** (Ferndown) and **Mrs. E. Hill** (Walton Heath) were beaten 2 and 1 in the first round by **Mrs. Cyril Beard** and **Mrs. Jack Beard** (Ferndown). In the third round the two Mrs. Beards lost 4 and 2 to Mrs. S. W. Noakes and Miss Z. Bonner-Davis, a last-eight couple*

***Mrs. Percy Clark** (Royal Mid-Surrey) and **Miss Greenwood** (Birkdale) beat **Miss R. Brown** (Chislehurst) and **Miss B. Mackenzie** (Knole Park) by 3 and 2. But in the next round the Kent players lost 2 and 1 to Mrs. Fargus and Mrs. Kellar Frost*

***Mrs. McCorquodale** **Miss Betty Lampdon**) won their first lost their second by Mrs. Bridgland and*

and ***Miss Maureen Ruttle*** *(Ferndown), Park) and* ***Miss M. Joley*** *(West Runton) the next evening they had played their way final on Friday, to be beaten by Mrs. C. I. Armstrong (Royal Mid-Surrey)*

Lady Brecknock *(Nevill) and* ***Mrs. I. Mills*** *(Berkshire), last year's Roehampton winners, were knocked out at Ranelagh this year in the third round, by Mrs. Pritt and Miss Townend*

Mrs. L. Jackson *and* ***Miss B. Jackson*** *(Chislehurst) lost this mother-and-daughter match to* ***Miss Pam Barton*** *and* ***Mrs. Barton*** *(Royal Mid-Surrey) by 2 and 1. The Bartons were beaten in the third round by the ultimate winners, Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. C. I. Armstrong*

distinguished themselves before by putting out that tried, trusty and true combination, Mrs. King and Miss Janet Jackson. **Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Armstrong (8)**, gave three to Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Stephens, played Mrs. Iorns and Mrs. Buchan Lewel, and gave the Bartons three, winning each time by 3 and 2. A very dangerous pair, Mrs. Armstrong being a hardly less good player than she was as Miss Sylvia Bailey, and having a handicap of nine to boot. **Miss Moss Blundell and Miss Goodliff (13)** have beaten Miss Callender and Miss Gow 5 and 4, Miss Olive Read and Mrs. Fletcher 4 and 2, and Mrs. Kellie and Mrs. Stileman 2 and 1. **Mrs. Bridgland and Mrs. Phillips** playing on 18 but actually totalling 19, so that theirs is a most gallant performance, began by putting out the backmarkers, Miss Garnham and Mrs. Gilligan, who tried to give them seven strokes, and perished by 4 and 3 in the attempt. After that, this pair, receiving three, beat Miss Lampson and Mrs. McCorquodale 2 and 1, and then Mrs. Cross and Elizabeth 5 and 4. (The Crosses had distinguished themselves in the morning by beating last year's runners-up, Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Clemens.)

Mrs. Brindle and her sister **Mrs. Stone (11)** after a walk-over, have beaten that experienced Northumberland pair, Mrs. Walter Neilson and Mrs. Percy, 1 up, and Mrs. Druce and Mrs. Wilfred Walker 3 and 2. **Miss Mordaunt and Miss Tapsfield (15)** have beaten Mrs. Finlay and Miss Joannides 3 and 1, Miss Jean Hamilton and Mrs. Terry (a much-fancied pair) 1 up, and Miss Cunninghame and Miss Kittermaster 3 and 1. **Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Doris Chambers (1)**, winners in 1935, and fancied to repeat it, after a walk-over, gave four strokes to Mrs. Wolfson and Miss Fellowes and won 7 and 5, being three under fours for the match. Miss Morgan put the tee shot three feet from the eleventh, and they had a 3 at the twelfth. Then gave three strokes to Mrs. Critchley (Diana Fishwick) and Mrs. Philip Hill, and won 3 and 1, this time being six under fours for the match, which means they wanted a 4 for a 64. They were out in 34, halved the sixteenth in 2 and the seventeenth in 3. Miss Morgan, playing as well as she has ever done, and putting to match, and Miss Chambers pulling her weight nobly too. Mrs. Critchley was hitting the ball beautifully, with new zest and a lovely, convincing swing. **Miss Black** and her sister, **Mrs. Hanmer (14)**, have beaten Miss Hughes and Mrs. Rider 2 and 1, Miss Ling and Miss Doxford 3 and 2, Miss Fargus and Mrs. Kellar Frost 3 and 1. Famous in Northern Foursomes.

Miss Brenda Norris and Miss Beryl Pockett (4), gave five strokes to Mrs. R. E. A. Bott and Mrs. Peter Gold, and won by 5 and 4, one to Miss Palmes and Miss Wardle, whom they beat at the twenty-third, and two to Miss Birchenough and Miss K. Browne, whom they beat by 6 and 4. **Mrs. Noakes and Miss Bonner Davies (7)** have beaten Miss Clarke and Miss Hollinsworth 3 to 2, Mrs. Cyril Beard and her daughter-in-law 4 and 2, and Mrs. Batson and Miss Daniels 1 up. **Miss Rosamund Morgan and Miss E. V. Paine (8)**, a walk-over, a win 3 and 2 from Miss Goldie and Miss Anderson (who had previously won 5 and 4 from Lady Alness and Mrs. Garon with the help of six

(N. Berwick), son (Worples- match, but one hole to Mrs. Phillips)

Mrs. Hugh Percy *and* ***Mrs. Walter Neilson*** *(Alnmouth, won by one hole against* ***Mrs. Vernor Miles*** *(Berkhamsted, and* ***Miss Cynthia Wilson*** *(Rangitikei, N.Z.). In the second round the two Northumberland players were defeated by Mrs. Brindle and Mrs. Stone, by the same small margin*

Mrs. M. Garon *and* ***Lady Alness****, a one-handicap Addington pair, lost by 5 and 4 in the first round to a young St. George's Hill couple, with an 18 handicap,* ***Miss J. Anderson*** *and* ***Miss M. Goldie.*** *These two lost the next round, however, to Miss R. Morgan and Miss E. V. Paine by 3 and 2*

strokes), and 4 and 2 from Mrs. Eberstein and Mrs. Armitage-Smith. Miss Pamela Brown and Miss Sheila Stroyan (9), a couple of Girls' Scottish internationals, began by beating a slightly older pair in Miss Joan Negretti and Miss Mary Cowan 7 and 6, then Mrs. McNair and Miss Fyshe 5 and 3, and then Miss Bramwell and Mrs. Vivian 6 and 4.

Mrs. Satchell and Mrs. Joll (11), began with Mrs. Cecil Burn and Miss Munn, whom they beat 4 and 3, then Miss Scott and Miss Murray 5 and 4, then the holders, Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Argles, whom they beat at the nineteenth. Miss Grant-White and Miss Mary Lake (4), who were semi-finalists some years ago, began with Mrs. Groundwater and Miss Croft, to whom they gave five strokes and beat 5 and 4; then Miss Smith and Mrs. Roelvink, whom they beat at the nineteenth; and then Miss Howard and Mrs. Monin 3 and 2. Last, but by no means least, Mrs. Bott and Mrs. A. D. Stocks (14), who, after a bye, beat Miss Powell and Miss Arnold 2 up, and Mrs. Poulton and Mrs. Dunlop 5 and 4.

So there we are. If anybody can pick the winners, they will be vastly more prophetic than I feel like attempting to be.

***Mrs. A. E. Parkes** (Trentham) and **Miss D. Spalding** (Burton) were first-round losers at Ranelagh—beaten by Miss Fargus and Mrs. K. Frost by 6 and 4*

*Playing the nineteenth hole at Ranelagh—where **Mrs. Jock Gordon** and **Mrs. W. D. Cave** (Temple) lost their match to **Miss Jean Hamilton** (Tandridge) and **Mrs. Terry** (Woking). The latter couple were beaten by one hole in the second round by Miss C. Mordaunt and Miss J. Tapsfield*

Turning to Roehampton. There proceedings started with a great match to the nineteenth hole, in which Mrs. Power and Mrs. Plummer performed prodigies of valour, pitching back from beyond the eighteenth, and getting down in one putt both there and at the nineteenth to beat Mrs. Pratt-Barlow and Mrs. Latimer. That set a fashion, though some did say they thought eighteen holes were quite enough in the gale; the Misses Esplen, from Wirral, played twenty before they had beaten Mrs. Arnot and Miss Horsefield, Mrs. and Miss Brennan nineteen to dispose of Mrs. Furlonger and Miss Dinwiddye—a gallant pull out of the fire that, though the next morning they went out to the Miss Esplens, who are still in at the moment of writing.

The talk of Roehampton the second day was of how extremely well Lady Headfort played, as if the journey from Ireland the night before had acted as inspiration. She and Miss Barnes Gorell are still going well at the moment of writing, their third round win from Mrs. Chitty and Mrs. Rivington being a specially good performance, as this pair had played so well to beat Mrs. Bull and Miss Farrar at the nineteenth in the morning.

It was at the nineteenth that Mrs. Black and her daughter, Mrs. Baker, got home from Mrs. Hern and her daughter, Mrs. Maher, Mrs. Baker hitting the pin there with her pitch. And there was good golf from Mrs. Batho and Miss Pierce, better known as a hockey player than—so far—as a golfer. Mrs. Burn and Mrs. Nott Bower are another fancied couple, though they perhaps were lucky in stymie-ing the Hon. Mrs. G. Murray at the eighteenth when playing her and Miss Butter.

At Roehampton, as at Ranelagh, it was the fun of the fair, the sudden relief from strain, which was worth having, good excuse for poor golf; making what was good seem doubly so.

***Miss B. Lancaster** (Temple) and **Miss B. Easton** (Worplesdon) went out hooded and wind-cheating to win their first Roehampton match. But they didn't reach the last sixteen*

***Lady Sanderson** (Tandridge) and **Mrs. Major** (Walton Heath) lost in the first Roehampton round to **Mrs. G. W. Anson** and **Mrs. C. W. Bower**, of Royal St. George's. But Mrs. Anson and Mrs. Bower were beaten next day*

***Miss R. Pickett** and **Mrs. Pickett** were a Roehampton pair who won their first-day match. Between them is **Mrs. Spencer Freeman** (Woodcote Park), whose partner was Mrs. Kent*

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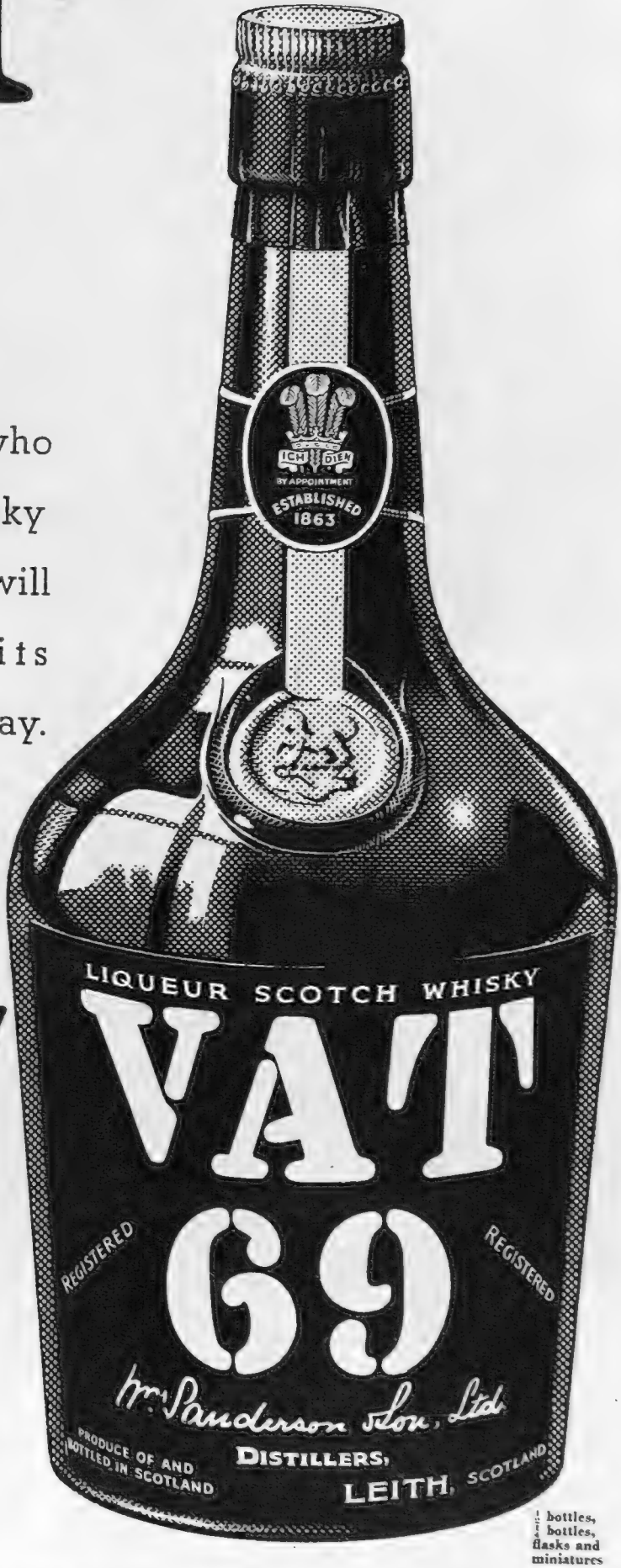

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C.F.H.

"Bystander" Foursomes at Roehampton (First Day)

Mrs. P. Hines (Woodcote Park) and Mrs. G. B. Dove (Addington), playing off 21 and in trousers, won their first match at Roehampton, but, like the rest of the players on this page, did not reach the last 16

Mrs. S. McKinsky and Mrs. McVittie of Hampstead, whose joint handicap was 29, came across London to meet a Roehampton 30-handicap pair, Mrs. F. W. Cooper and Mrs. S. Straker, in the first round, and beat them over their home course

Miss V. Scarlett (Priory) and Mrs. E. Tate (Roehampton) (centre couple), playing off 30, beat a couple from Tandridge with a 24 handicap, Lady Holt Wilson and Mrs. R. A. L. Broadley. Next day, in the drizzling rain that followed the gale, they were defeated

Waiting on the first tee, hands tucked under arms against the wind, were Mrs. Huntley Ness and Mrs. C. W. Moller (Radlett), and Miss A. A. D. Harwood (Chorley Wood) and her partner, Miss A. L. Stanley (West Herts). The Radlett couple lost the subsequent match

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 91

George Allison

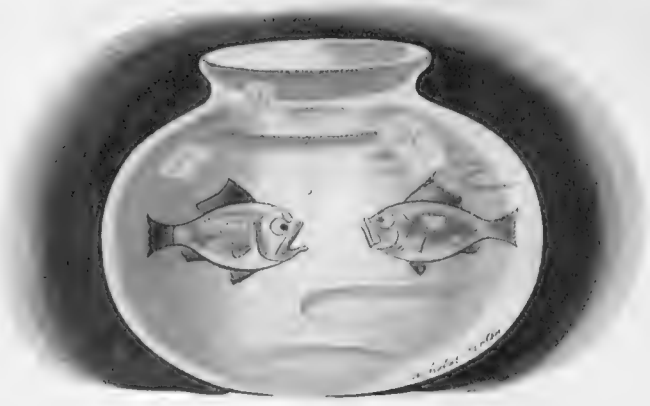
GEORGE ALLISON, who directs the fortunes of Arsenal, was born at Hurworth-on-Tees (every village has its idiot, says his wife amiably). After leaving school he was employed at the County Courts, of which his father was an official. He also played soccer in the local team. Everyone thought him a pretty good player, if only because he reported all the matches anonymously himself for the *Sports Gazette*. This was unpaid work, but one day after the judge had publicly rebuked him in Court for audibly tapping his teeth with his pencil on three occasions during a dull case, he was given a job at 17s. 6d. a week as a junior reporter on the said *Sports Gazette*. After a year, he answered an advertisement and joined the *Western Morning News* at 35s. a week, playing football at Plymouth, and covering the naval and military news at Devonport. One day King George V. (then Prince of Wales) launched a battleship. Our George had to buy a morning coat and a tall hat for the occasion. Nine months later he went home for a brief holiday. Whereat the editor of the *Northern Echo* was so impressed by his tall hat and morning coat that he offered him a 15s. rise to cover Newcastle for his newspaper. We next find him editor of the local newspaper at Bishop's Auckland, and later chief reporter of the *Northern Echo* at Middlesbrough. Then came a premonitory switch. For he gave up newspaper work and became the assistant-secretary-manager of the Middlesbrough Football Club at the age of twenty-one; but after one season, Hulton's invited him to come south as chief sporting writer for their group. This included the *Sporting Life*, for which newspaper he secured a scoop interview with Lord Kitchener on the possible recall of our polo team from the United States for King George's Coronation. Next day the managing editor of the *New York Herald* offered him double his salary (six guineas at that time) to join him; which he did. Eighteen months later Hearst bought him, and he became European Director of International News Service, King Features Syndicate, and so on. Every year he sold about £10,000-worth of features to English newspapers and bought others (including some of mine) for the United States on a salary and commission basis. In the meantime he had become a fan of Arsenal, even when they played at Plumstead, and soon after the war he became a director. Six months after Herbert Chapman died, he became Arsenal's Managing Director, and now often wishes to goodness he hadn't. "Nobody has any idea," says George, "of the mental anguish in keeping Arsenal on top of the world." He has now been in charge for four and a half seasons, and Arsenal has won three championships and the Cup. During this period he has bought £48,000-worth of players and sold £35,000-worth of ditto. Only Male, Hapgood and Bastin remain of the first team. His hours at Highbury run from 9.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. His correspondence is enormous; military football instructors arrive from all over the world — Rumania, Norway, and Egypt, for example—for further instruction. To watch individual players, George has to go as far as Aberdeen or Belfast. He travels 12,000 miles a year in the course of his duties. In his day he has broadcast about speed-boat racing, baseball, American football, ice hockey, and even in the Children's Hour. He was also the first man to broadcast the Grand National, the Cup Final, and the Derby in the same year. His idea of a holiday is golf and sea-fishing near his native Teesmouth. He is a good poker player, and for two years running he has brought off the Autumn Double. He weighs sixteen stone; has a mannerism of grinding his jaws when thinking; never applauds an Arsenal goal; has now cut out drink until 6 p.m. each evening; lives on the North Circular Road; has one daughter; carries an eyeglass, and has a notably deep voice. His only superstition is about putting his left shoe or left sock on first. As for mascots, he has carried every kind and discarded them all.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"All right then, you go your way and I'll go mine"

WHILE every Organ of Opinion in Fleet Street was roaring full blast with every stop out, while alarums and despairs and sickening forebodings were giving place to howls —possibly a little premature—of relief and congratulation, we eagerly seized and passionately studied our favourite weekly newspaper, which kept its head and pursued its placid way despite the turmoil, God bless it. Let us quote you the front-page "splash" headlines of the *Loamshire County Times* (let us call it), the day after the Munich Settlement, for example:

Twitteringhurst Farmer for Trial: Alleged Drunkenness in Charge of a Car. (Two columns, close print.)

Death of Yaffilebury Postmaster: Funeral of Mr. J. W. Mangles.

Women's Institute Group Meeting at Wurzleham.

Upper Mumble Whist Drive.

We disguise the place-names as well, lest some jealous Fleet Street magnate should swoop and destroy this lovely, quiet thing, in whose fragrant pages we found surcease from the ravings of a frantic world, savouring each whist-drive, harvest festival, wedding, sale of work, cattle and sheep fair, funeral, motoring case, egg and poultry survey, football-match, and bazaar with heartsick relish, judging them already doomed. We don't say our Arcadian comforter ignored the European crisis altogether. Tucked away in the middle pages there was local A.R.P. news in plenty, and hints on trench-digging (with diagrams), and a modest little leading article praised Mr. Chamberlain, M. Daladier, and Signor Mussolini for their peace efforts in a city "200 miles distant from Loamshire," calling on Loamshire men to stand fast for national defence. But even this grim reminder of the outer world smelt cosily of hayfields and wood-smoke and barnyards and echoed the gentle lowings of the kine. You city slickers may sneer, but we were genuinely sorry for you and your jumping nerves, shocked afresh every half-hour.

Let not Ambition (we beg you) mock our useful toil, our homely joys, our destiny obscure, nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile the short and simple annals of the poor; and we may add that if you care to try it on down our way, some of the rude four-flushers of the hamlet are pretty handy with a pitch-fork.

"I should change up now, Miss Murphy"

Gesture

ONE is so apt to believe that citizens of the sturdy type described as "originals" or "eccentrics," or even (in coarser terms) "nuts" flourish mainly in the rich soil of Anglo-Saxondom, where Private Judgment is king, that it was interesting to read of the two clergymen of Zurich who didn't hold with a recent trial black-out in Switzerland. While the rest of the country was wrapped by Government order in darkness and the planes were roaring overhead, these two heroes kept all their lights on and their windows open. When the police called to ask why, one of them said he did it for reasons of conscience, and the other said the Swiss Constitution didn't provide for anti-aircraft defence—in each case a good motive for getting half Switzerland blown up. For making this stand against the tyranny of Authority they were punished, though not so severely as a chap we knew whose conscience impelled him once to light a cigarette in a front-line trench. His position also was that he was morally free to do as he thought fit, which was a sound position enough, as those who survived the consequent wiping-out admitted in his absence, for this martyr to Principle perished utterly with half his platoon.

Doubtless when Great Britain is next involved in war there will be not a few citizens of the same bulldog breed coming to similar independent conclusions and carrying them out come what may, and doubtless they also will get it in the neck. We wish Dr. Johnson were alive to debate the pros and cons of cases like this (though we 'd be rather terrified of being in the same room, the Doctor having a habit of roaring like an Andalusian bull when anybody questioned his judgments). We have an idea he 'd describe these citizens as "crazy sectaries," and maybe he 'd be right, at that.

Dumb Friends

WILD rabbits so paralysed with terror that when dangled before the greyhounds' noses they were "transfixed and lifeless" were recently used in coursing matches at Bristol, where the magistrates fined and imprisoned a number of sporting chaps recently for what they properly described as fearful cruelty. These are the chaps who generally carry on very indignantly about bull-fighting, as you probably know if you 've heard them in pubs. So do many chaps who train and bet on fighting-cocks, a flourishing modern sport, despite what the police say. This kind of discrimination is puzzling, and we guess sportsmen are rather muddled in their minds. The whole animal welfare question in this country is a bit of a muddle, actually; to the impartial observer sympathy seems to go by size. (Our Dumb Friends' League don't bother much, for example, about fleas, which are as dumb as anybody.) Hating cruelty and slop equally, we award Gaffer Henry Williamson a good big mark for trying to clear up the Exmoor deer question with the Great Soft Centre, which burst into howls of rage when a West Country stag-hunt chased one of these animals into the sea recently. The Gaffer pointed out that these pests are the scourge of the countryside and the farmer's worst enemy, and that but for the hunts they 'd be in a much worse way, and probably extinct. Notwithstanding which reasonable explanation by a Nature authority, some cretinous female sympathiser

actually laid a wreath on the seashore. We sometimes feel it 's curious there isn't any similar outcry about the admittedly increasing cruelty to children, but we 're a bit odd that way, and many a furious letter we get from doggie-worshippers about it. God forgive us.

Upsadaisy

"Aw, go climb a tree!"—how often have we heard some honest, maddened citizen, driven temporarily crazy, utter this cry in his agony and despair! And how seldom do those to whom the cry is most usually addressed go and do it! However, one of Auntie *Times's* correspondents has apparently been urged to do it so often that he at last made a hobby of it. The other day he described the art of tree-climbing in pleasurable detail. Beeches are easiest. Oaks come next. Ash are disappointing, elms treacherous, hollies painful. Limes and sycamores show "fair sport," chestnuts and walnuts are "always entertaining," and although Auntie's boy has not climbed a monkey-puzzle yet, he concluded his little piece by hoping to do so one day. He didn't give any reason for all this tree-climbing beyond the obvious one which saves face—namely, that it 's fun and you get a good view from the top. We 'd have been more absorbed in the article personally if he 'd given us some information about people who 'd begged him from time to time to do it, with specimens of what he said to them and they to him, what the Major hotly suggested and what the Rector (rather deprecatingly) agreed with, Mrs. Frampold's nervous irritation, poor old Lady Chugforth's tears, and Miss Glue's raving hysteria. We can just see Auntie's boy, bland, pink and smiling, beaming through those rimless pince-nez and smoothly repeating, "Yes, but don't you see——" and "On the other hand, surely——" and "Quite, but——" Until at last everything blows up and the Rector's anguished cry, "Aw, go climb a tree!" is shrilly taken up by the entire company.

There 's another almost similar locution, equally as popular among the sorely-tried citizenry of America, namely, "Aw, go cut yourself a slice of neck!" We 'd appreciate a thoughtful article some day from one of Auntie's boys who 'd taken this bit of good advice as well.

Worker

UNLIKE some of his predecessors—notably Dr. Bridges, whose celebrated declaration that he 'd be damned if he 'd sing to order is still fresh in the agitated minds of poetry-lovers—the present Poet Laureate gets about a great deal and does a satisfactory job of work, whether it 's composing and reciting odes to the figureheads of training-ships, or praising brother-poets like Mr. W. H. Davies, whose shy, charming Muse was honoured by a ceremony in his native town recently. Apart from this, Mr. Masefield gets a little piece on some topical subject into the *Times* now and again, which is again as it should be. Tennyson, a worker if ever there was one, was, of course, the Ideal State Poet. Never did anybody from the Lord Chamberlain's department have to suggest a little something-or-other to Tennyson twice. Instantly that Laureate was on the job, whether the subject indicated was an exhibition, a new railway, or a R-y-l cold in the head. The private line (HELicon 9) to the Laureate's quarters isn't troubled quite so much nowadays, but we guess Mr. Masefield would be up and doing with equal efficiency whatever the hour of day or night.

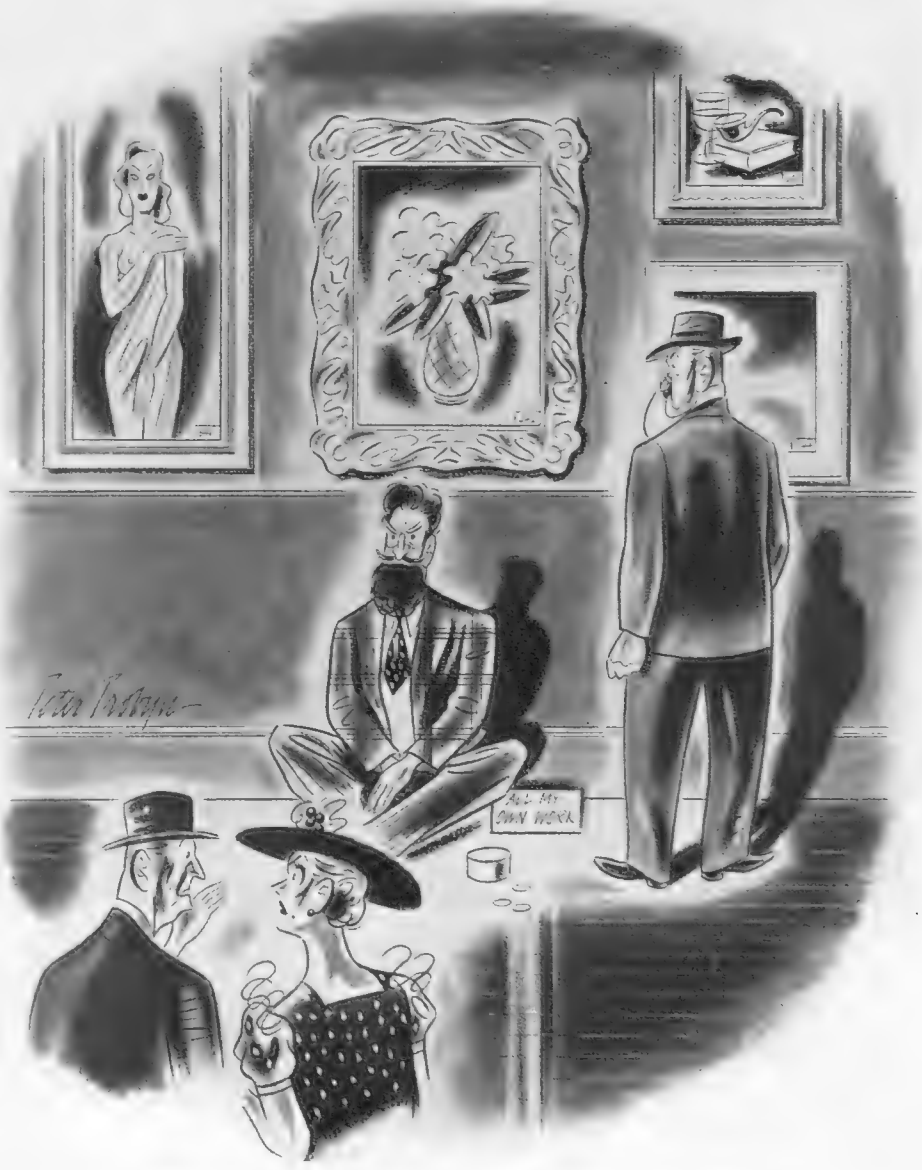
An American sympathiser once asked us why our British Laureates don't collect a stock of pieces composed in advance, indexed, filed, and capable of being instantly produced (naturally with any necessary changes of name or date) in any national emergency. We had to explain that this is a matter for the Home Office, and that it 's quite likely that before long the Laureate's department will be thus organised. There is, as a matter of fact, a strong feeling among progressive M.P.s that such things should not be left to a State poet's private whim.

Vale!

THE Australian Test team being now well on the way home—there was a lot of fun at St. Pancras, a chap tells us: one of the Australians wore a funny hat and epigrams and mots flew thick and fast, many of them good enough for *P***h*—it is possible to reveal that their influence on the moral life of this country has been greater than that of any of their predecessors. The first sight of those lean, brown, ascetic, holy, rather ruthless Antipodean pans at Southampton may have terrified some of the British populace, but it was a wholesome terror, due to awakening conscience. Before the first ball had been bowled at Nottingham, Scotland Yard reports, crime had begun to diminish: murder, publishing, blackmail, and company-promoting especially. It is now practically non-existent in England, as indeed it always was before foreign influences crept in.

If we 've harped rather on the moral aspect of the Tests during the season, it 's because this aspect of cricket is constantly overlooked. We need hardly quote that South Country mayor who remarked in public a little time ago (we treasure the cutting still) that if the Spaniards had been cricketers there 'd have been no Spanish civil war. He voiced the belief of 90 per cent. of his more thoughtful countrymen, including J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton, whose recent speech to the Royal Geological Society on the European crisis resolved itself into a series of piercing yells of "Get to the nets, sir!"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Vandyke-Brown has never forgotten his earlier struggles"

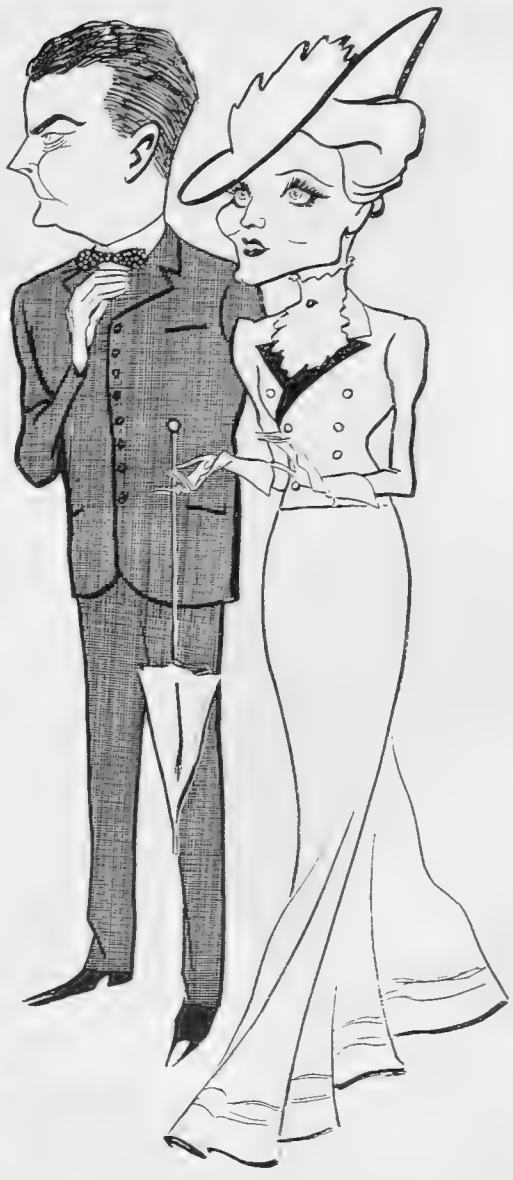
Pamela Booth

Our Mr. Farjeon

We like to emphasise some claim to Herbert Farjeon (he has written our theatre page for two years), for the light of success shines on him now in no uncertain way. His intimate co-operative revue at the Little, *Nine Sharp*, has been running to capacity for ten months. His *Two Bouquets*, which made a similar success two years ago, is now playing in New York. And last week started *An Elephant in Arcady*, which finally proves that Farjeon and his sister Eleanor (who also collaborated in *Two Bouquets*) know how to produce something that is good—but different. Their own aim was "better but not duller musical comedies," and let us hope that all those who have inveighed against the stupid conventions of musicals will now step forward with support. This consistently witty writer has always been connected with the stage: his mother is a daughter of the American actor, Joseph Jefferson (whose name his novelist brother takes); he has acted, has been private secretary to Lady Wyndham, went into criticism 1910, branched into playwriting 1917. For an example of his prose style, see opposite

The staff-room are delighted when Mr. Chips introduces his new wife: Julian Andrews, Wilfred Babbage, Ronald Simpson, Michael Shepley; Leslie Banks, Constance Cummings

The eternal schoolboy: Nigel Stock



Sketches of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" by Rouson

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips" (Shaftesbury)

THIS is a quiet play—possibly the quietest ever presented in the Shaftesbury Theatre or even in Shaftesbury Avenue. True, there is a scene in which bombs drop off-stage. But that only serves to throw into still lower relief the even tenor of old Chips's life at Brookfield, where he spent fifty years instructing generations of Eton collars in the way they should go, doing his bit with uncomplaining humility, and becoming as much a part of the institution as the walls round the quad—if there was a quad, which, I gather, there almost invariably is.

WHEN Mr. Chips sat in his mittens by the fire at the age of ninety or thereabouts—this is the first time Mr. Leslie Banks has been seen in mittens, and he got a special round for it on the first night—what were the memories that most persistently persisted? There was that bit of a dust-up when he championed a football fixture against a team of youths with doubtful aspirates, and when he even entertained the opposing captain to tea. There was the time he very nearly got the sack from a new Head with no heart who regarded him as a back number. There was the day his wife died in childbirth, when the class of delinquents he had assembled in his study was wondering what on earth had come over the old boy. There was the big moment when, having voluntarily retired, he was called upon to return to his duties and to run Brookfield during the Great War.

THAT was when the bombs fell outside to the slogan of "Lessons as usual." Old Chips just carried on, and the boys respected him for it. For though they laughed at his funny old clothes and his shambling old shuffle, they couldn't help respecting him and loving him. Dear old Chips! New boys gaped at him wide-eyed, old boys came back to gaze at him through rose-coloured spectacles. And all the time he had his sorrows and his pleasures, his hopes and his fears, since life, even for a schoolmaster, is not all paradigms and gerundives.

JUST as you can't make bricks without straw, so you can't make chips, or a sufficient quantity of them, without a little more wood than Mr. James Hilton and Miss Barbara Burnham found in the shed when they started carpentering this cavalcade of pupils. The play certainly had distinction, but drama cannot live by distinction alone. The time came when I found myself wishing that Mr. Chips would up and murder one of the boys, and so provide us with a little excitement, inexcusable though such a lapse would have been.

Had I been casting this play, I should immediately have pounced on Mr. Hignett for Mr. Chips. One of the last actors I should have thought of would have been Mr. Banks, whose performance is so tender and so charming that Mr. Hignett would now only be my second choice. Meanwhile, the part of Mrs. Chips is acted by Miss Constance Cummings with such gracious sympathy that her death half-way through the evening becomes a real as well as an imaginary catastrophe. Excellent as are the performances of Mr. Banks and his colleagues and his scholars, it is Miss Cummings who lingers in the memory.

The Theatre

(Continued from page 69)

"Official Secret" (New)

IF you like the kind of drama in which a "S-s-s!" of warning is the recurring note, then you will thank Mr. Jeffrey Dell for his tale of how the Intelligence Service saved the Air Ministry's blueprints. "S-s-s!" says Sir Arthur Hambro, shooting out a comment on the weather. He is explaining to Colonel Cairns, Chief of the Intelligence Department, the secrets of the experimental station on Salisbury Plain. These secrets have been tapped once and they may be again. Not even the Colonel's confidential secretary must be allowed to know what they are. "S-s-s!" says the designer of the mysterious aeroplane as the young man who has been so improbably stranded at the experimental station returns from the telephone to reinforce his hint that he should be put up for the night. "S-s-s!" says the blackmailing butler to his distraught victim, the wife of the officer in charge of the station and until the other day the mistress of the dashing test-pilot. "S-s-s!—S-s-s!—S-s-s!" say investigators and investigated as the accumulating clues point now in this direction, now in that. And (since the tale is most neatly and ingeniously ordered) "S-s-s!" says the gallery as someone in the stalls begins to cough.

In a play of this sort, every conversation must stop short as soon as anyone comes into the room, and the success of the game depends on the audience's readiness to suspect, each time this happens, that there may be good reason for it. Mr. Dell sprinkles suspicion with all possible deftness. The chief of the station is overdrawn at the bank. His wife and her lover have been caught by the butler in the room where the blueprints are kept. The butler is a businesslike rogue who would be as likely to steal as to blackmail. There are two men whose visits to the aerodrome need a better explanation than either of them can furnish. And I may confess that I should not myself have got any nearer to the solution of the mystery had not Colonel Cairns, whose hisses of warning were always politely ironical and whose deductions were always charmingly infallible, come in the last act to my assistance. In real life, no doubt, the Colonel's assurance would make him seem an intolerably complacent fellow, but Mr. Cecil Parker knows how to carry assurance to the very borderline of complacency without once overstepping the mark. Blackmail on the stage is, more often than not, a tedious necessity, but it is never that when Mr. Henry Hewitt has the business in hand. He is the perfect blackmailer, brisk, businesslike and genial. Miss Carol Goodner and Mr. Robert Douglas play the lovers with careful restraint, and Mr. Cyril Raymond is nicely double-faced. In brief, a competent piece, more than competently acted, inviting indulgent patronage. A. V. C.

Secret service and eavesdropper: Cyril Raymond, Cecil Parker, Carol Goodner

Sketches of "Official Secret" by Rouson

Blackmailer about to get paid: Robert Douglas and Henry Hewitt

"These Foolish Things" (Palladium)

THE present-day music hall seems not to favour the growth of great comedians, but Mr. George Black has found out how to roll six talented comedians into one indubitably great one. The Crazy Gang—Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold—are collectively great, and in *These Foolish Things*, the new Palladium show, all six sides of this richly comic collective personality get free play. These antics are the making of the entertainment, but its spectacular side is good in its kind, and there is also a sporting side which includes a breath-taking Badminton match. A. V. C.

Five Engagements

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Helen Spencer-Nairn

Helen Claire Spencer-Nairn announced her engagement last month to John Henry Courthope Powell, only son of the late R. H. Powell and Mrs. Powell, of 17, Tite Street, S.W.3. She is the second daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Spencer-Nairn, of Leslie House, Fife. Her father has been Master of the Fife since 1932

Lenare

Miss Alice Dorothy Chapman

Sonia Quilter is the youngest daughter of Sir Cuthbert and the Hon. Lady Quilter, of Methersgate Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and is twenty-one this year. She is engaged to Patrick William Butler Pole-Carew, Coldstream Guards, youngest son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, of Shanbally, Co. Tipperary

Alice Dorothy Chapman will be married in December, in Cape Town, to Capt. the Hon. Frederick Raymond Clegg-Hill, King's Shropshire L.I. She is the younger daughter of the late Rear-Admiral C. G. Chapman, and the Hon. Mrs. Chapman, of Barford Old Hall, Norwich. He is the younger son of Lieut.-Col. the Viscount Hill, of Coton Hall, Whitchurch, Salop.

Fayer of Vienna

Miss Sonia Quilter

Susan Heathcote is to marry Henry Lester Louis Morriss, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Morriss, of Banstead Manor, Newmarket. She is the daughter of Colonel Heathcote, of Manton, Rutland, and Mrs. Heathcote, of Thurleston, Whitton, Suffolk. She and her fiancé, whose father owns Pasch, have in common a great interest in racing

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Susan Heathcote

Rohays Burnett of Leys is the only daughter of Major-Gen. Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys, of Crathes Castle, Kincardineshire. She has been engaged for two weeks to the Hon. Henry Cecil, the 7th Hussars, brother of Lord Amherst of Hackney. His father, Captain the Hon. William Cecil, was killed in action in 1914

Pearl Freeman

Miss Rohays Burnett of Leys

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Rostrums and Nostrums

By V. S. Pritchett

Miss Elizabeth Bowen is the most distinguished as Miss Compton Burnett is the most original woman novelist writing in English to-day. No one else approaches them. The title of Miss Bowen's new book, *The Death of the Heart* (Gollancz; 8s.), might serve as a general motto for their work, and I can think of no man capable of their malevolent fastidiousness, their narrow, intense and searching scruples about human behaviour. To be fastidious and ironical without anything to say, however, would be merely to play dolls' houses: Mrs. Dalloway fretfully going to pieces among her poetic trivia. But Miss Elizabeth Bowen *has* got something to say. I do not mean that her novels are full of little rostrums and big nostrums; she is far too accomplished to preach.

The Quaynes, a childless couple in their thirties, have two or three thousand a year, live in Regent's Park, Anna Quayne all nerves and novelists to tea, Thomas Quayne sitting below in a room called the study, where he never studies, waiting for the novelists to go. The Victorian silence about feelings has been broken and the Quaynes, sophisticated and without prejudices, talk feelings out—right out until, if feeling ever existed, it has become words. Self-consciousness has become obsessional in Anna. When, very unwillingly, she has Portia, her husband's step-sister, who is a schoolgirl of sixteen, to stay, Anna has no scruples about spying on the girl's diary. And the diary reveals what the Quayne defences cannot bear: that the girl has them "taped." Portia is a naïve creature, but hardly "a natural," as the Quayne circle thinks. She is "normal." She falls in love with one of Anna's young men, an uprooted, grimacing, hysterical and conceited youth of talent. The simplicity of Portia amuses and devastates him. Back in London, one of Anna's novelists (out of pure malice, or rather, out of the Quayne instinct for making situations to talk about) betrays Anna to Portia; and, having successfully killed the child's heart, and driven her from the house, the Quaynes find themselves with insufficient feeling for remorse or enough practical capacity to deal with the situation. Tolerant, educated, enlightened, sterile, perfectly aware of their incapacity and fascinated by it as a new subject of conversation, they leave it to be dealt with by the family servant.

They have stunned Portia, but she has got them well below the belt; she has fled to one Major Brutt, a hearty, lonely, jobless low-brow, a fellow victim of the Quaynes. The Major has come back from the East and his hopeless search is for the heart in society, as Portia's is for clues to the individual heart. "There must be," the Major stammers to Anna's husband, "something all you people get together about." Thomas answers à la Auden: "There may be. But I don't think there is. As a matter of fact, we don't get together. We none of us seem to feel very well, and I don't think we want each other to know it. I suppose there is nothing so disintegrating as competitiveness and funk, and that 's what we all feel. . . . We 're just a lousy pack of Christopher Robins. Oh, we 've got to live, but I doubt if we see much necessity. The most we can hope is to go on getting away with it till the others get it away from us."

A black view, as the Major says.

Icily brilliant, restive with the shattering epigram, the macabre side of paradox and the almost unbearable intuition, Miss Bowen is one of those who fiddle with all the more virtuosity because their Rome is burning. She has a marvellous ear for widely different voices. This is the most brilliant and profound novel I have read for a long time. It is cut like a diamond.

Designs for Dancing

An English dancer, David Grey (since last autumn a member of the Vic-Wells Company), has an exhibition of decor and dresses, mostly for ballet, at the Wertheim Gallery, in Burlington Gardens. With him here is Igor Schwezoff (right), the dancer and choreographer, whose autobiography, "Borzoi," Grey illustrated. The originals of the illustrations form part of the exhibition

A "nicer" book is Miss Evelyn Bell's amusing autobiography, *So Kind to Youth* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.). Miss Bell's was one of those wild-running childhood's of the '80's and '90's which occur when respectable parents become improvident, careless and too much taken up with their own pleasant incompetence to manage a large family. Father lost his money in "ideas," mother, quarrelsome and energetic, had to do what she could about it. Music added a touch of madness to the family. They were all originals. It was original, for example, for a "nice" little girl of ten or eleven to sneak out and play her fiddle in the street for money at Islington because father's remittance had not come; and to lengthen her skirts at the age of fourteen and, hardly educated as she was (though she had read Strindberg, Zola years before when other children in the '90's were at their Dickens), boldly propose herself as a music teacher in a school in return for free education for her sisters.

Edward German and Cecil Sharp come into the tale, which ends with her marriage, and while there is always something embarrassing in the original who knows she 's original, and lays it on, Miss Bell is no fool at her own or other people's characters. This autobiographer has retained something of the entertaining and engaging egotism of a spirited child.

Mr. Liddell Hart has collected a number of his studies of the generals of the Great War, added his reviews of the various war memoirs and battle narratives and, as an indication of the historian's difficulty in arriving at the facts, he has called the resulting book *Through the Fog of War* (Faber; 12s. 6d.). Book reviews rarely bear reprinting, chiefly because they have to take a series of short cuts into the subject; but the portraits are interesting. All the important generals on both sides are here. The Haig is, of course, vehemently unfavourable; the Lawrence eulogistic; the Wilson once more shows how military "conversations" sabotage political policy without the politician having any idea of it. Two of Mr. Liddell Hart's warnings are interesting: one, that under Fascism, criticism of the conduct of past campaigns and anything likely (however true) to undermine the faith of the soldier, has been forbidden. Falsified history is openly advocated in Germany. Here one may see partly the natural jealousy of military professionalism, but also an attempt to militarise the civilian now that he has become the vital new factor in modern war. Only soldiers needed falsified military history in the past. The second point is that the second Great War of this century started in Spain two years ago and that the democracies are losing strategic points to the dictatorships. Mr. Liddell Hart is for morality against opportunism in foreign policy; and his view of the real nature of German victories in Czechoslovakia and Spain is confirmed by Miss S. Grant Duff in the New Penguin, *Europe and the Czechs*, in which she draws on those always brutally frank German sources. Who holds Bohemia, Bismarck said, rules Europe.

I recommend the following novels: an historical novel, *I Am Canute*, by Patry Williams (Faber; 8s. 6d.); *Mr. Despondency's Daughter*, by Anne Parrish (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.); *Monday Night*, by Kay Boyle (Faber; 7s. 6d.).

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

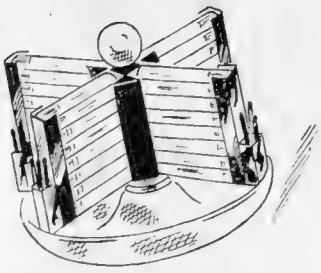
The most noticeable features about tailor-mades this season are the longer jackets and shorter skirts. The latter can be as much as sixteen inches off the ground, and are generally rather straight and slim. Coats are all lengths and often follow the lines of Persian tunics, even as far as being slit up the side seams. There is a debonair charm about the suit on the right in Scotch tweed. The plain, close-fitting jacket is single-breasted and faced with the same material as the skirt. It comes well down over the hips, reflecting the new longer line. The skirt, cut with an inverted pleat at the back and godet panels across the front, is checked in subdued colours. In various shades of brown, blue, wine and heather mixtures, this suit costs six and a half guineas, and may be seen in the coat and skirt department at Liberty's, Regent Street. Shirt blouses in fine angora to wear with tweeds are obtainable in this department from thirty-nine and sixpence. While some are perfectly plain, others are designed with extra collars and cuffs in a contrasting colour

The Day of the Party

Though Christmas still seems a long way off, the social round is in full swing, and even the nursery comes in for its share. The invitation "Can you come to my party?" is a source of joy and excitement to any child, and certainly calls for a new dress. The fashions shown on this page have been inspired by the dolls presented to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, by the children of France. As we all know, each doll was given a complete wardrobe by leading Paris designers. The dresses illustrated here show some of the evening fashions suggested. They are made by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, who also designed the dinner frock below in burnished lamé. This comes from the tea-gown and hostess department, and is cut on the same simple lines as the white poult frock on the far left, which is partly hidden by a fur coat. Owing to the richness of the material, however, the lovers' knots round the full, sweeping skirt have been suppressed

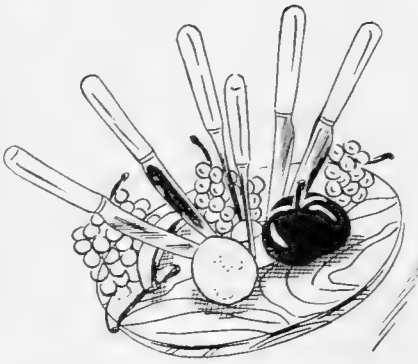
Dover Street Studios

In the group above we have the three sisters dressed for the party. The dark child on the left wears the white poult frock which inspired her mother's dinner dress. It has a full skirt, short sleeves, and lovers' knots scattered round the hem. Her white fur coat, worked to look like ermine, keeps her beautifully warm. Her sister wears white marcasite edged with gold ribbon and enlivened with a spray of gold leaves running from the waist to the hem. Rippling frills of pink net edged with gold ribbon make the dress belonging to the third child. It also has a full skirt and short waist. Marshall and Snelgrove have compiled an interesting catalogue called *Fashion Parade* for "Under Tens," and will gladly send it post free. It contains many attractive designs for boys and girls. A charming dress for those who prefer short skirts is carried out in broché taffeta with a white ground sprinkled with blue flowers. It is full and flared with frills of soft net picked out with blue bows, running down the front from neck to hem. This dress is made in various sizes from fifty-nine and sixpence. Another dress suitable for dancing classes and informal parties is carried out in cedar-wood poult. It has a fitting bodice and circular skirt trimmed with velvet scalloping. A pointed lace collar adds an air of demure charm



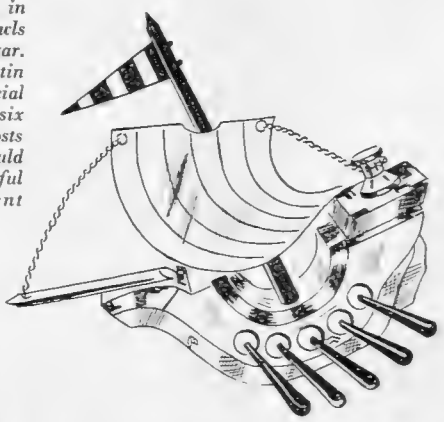
Like a wheel of fortune this revolving cigarette stand spins round and round, inviting you to help yourself. It rests in a chromium-plated ash-tray, and costs half a guinea in the gift department at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. There are other designs from 2s. 11d.

Here is a patent nut-cracker which should prove a delight to yourself and your friends. Even the hardest nut can be cracked with ease by pressing down the chromium lever. The surrounding bowl in polished walnut provides an attractive finish to this ingenious gadget costing 21s. 9d. at Swan and Edgar



While we are on the subject of dessert, here is something new in wooden fruit bowls from Swan and Edgar. Designed in satin walnut with special slots for holding six fruit-knives, it costs 28s. 6d. and would make a delightful wedding present

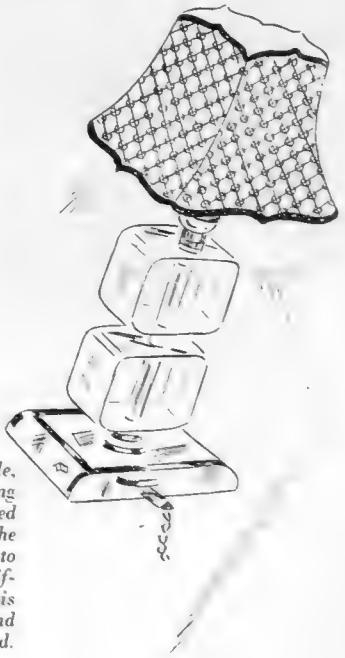
Send your hunting friends this early morning tea-set in primrose yellow Royal Worcester decorated in black with foxes and hounds. It will look charming in any setting and should prove very cheering first thing in the morning. Designed for two, it costs three guineas at Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly



Though knick-knacks are discouraged as much as possible, even the most modern room contains one or two "objets d'arts." This galleon, for example, in mahogany and copper, would look well on the mantelpiece or as a centre-piece for the table. It is beautifully modelled and costs £3 10s. at Janet Kaines, 47, South Audley Street

Janet Kaines has a genius for finding unusual ornaments, and here are her latest acquisitions: two zebras, mother and child, in fine pottery. The mother costs 19s. 9d. and the f al 11s. 6d. They make a charming pair and would fit in with any modern scheme of decoration

Experienced travellers will appreciate the joys of this last-minute pigskin bag from Swaine and Adeney. It will hold everything in the way of papers, passports and tickets, and contains a useful triple purse for mixed currencies. The beauty bag on the outside has a separate sliding fastener and is fitted with two lotion bottles, a mirror and make-up boxes



For your boudoir or bedside table, Janet Kaines suggests this charming crystal reading lamp, with a quilted satin shade edged with chenille. The latter can be made in any colour to suit the room, and if desired a different fabric can be substituted. In this case the shade is a delicate pink, and the lamp complete costs £3 18s. 6d.

Films of the Day

Films of Yesterday

By George Campbell

THE first film I ever saw was French, it was presented in a village hall, and it was called *The Horse that Swallowed the Baby*. The plot was stirring but simple. A farmer's wife placed the baby on a pile of hay in a manger, the farmer's horse, faithful but a careless feeder, swallowed it, and the farmer's wife began to carry on as if she valued the baby very highly indeed. The farmer rushed up with a knife, there was a close-up of a piece of hide being cut, a triangular flap was pulled back, and there was the unmasticated baby sitting crowing on the hay. It only remained to sew up the incision in the nonchalant animal, and fade-out on the happy reunion. The whole thing took perhaps three minutes. Movies had to move in those days.

The Horse that Swallowed the Baby is not included in C. B. Cochran's *Flashbacks*. In fact, some people of whom I have inquired seem to think that I invented it. But you will find many another early classic at the Palace. Here, for instance, is one of the first—perhaps the very first—of the fantastic pictures: Melies' *A Trip to the Moon*, full of trick effects and eight times as long as anything that had been produced up to that time. Then comes *The Life of Charles Peace* (1903), a slightly grandiloquent title for a few scrappy shots, running perhaps three minutes, of the burglar fooling the police by pretending to be an old woman in bed, and persistently attempting homicide on the roof. After that there is a gap, symbolised by the illustrated song generally introduced in antique cinemas to allow the projector to cool off.

WHEN we pick up the thread again, it is 1908, the year of the extremely interesting French trick production, *The Invisible Thief*, suggested by H. G. Wells's *The Invisible Man*. About the same time we get a glimpse of John Bunny, comically enamoured of Lillian Russell, one of the earliest beauties of the screen, while he is in turn pursued by the hag of a spinster, Flora Finch. To-day, the little farce has only historic interest, whereas a domestic drama of the same period, *If We Only Knew*, featuring Blanche Sweet, dimpled Maurice Costello and Harry Carey (who still plays character parts in Hollywood better than most), is quite side-splittingly comic.

Strange as it seems now—or does it?—the earliest film producers employed no scenario writer. They shot, as the trade says, off the cuff. The first man to use a writer was Henry Marvin, of the American Biograph Company. One day an enterprising young newspaper man, Roy McArdell, called with the suggestion that a properly prepared plot might help. Marvin agreed that it might. "If you can write ten scenarios a week for us I'll pay you ten dollars apiece, and if they are good I'll make the price fifteen," he said.

"Give me a typewriter and I'll do this week's ten now," said McArdell promptly; and a week later he was earning the salary—princely for the period—of thirty pounds a week.

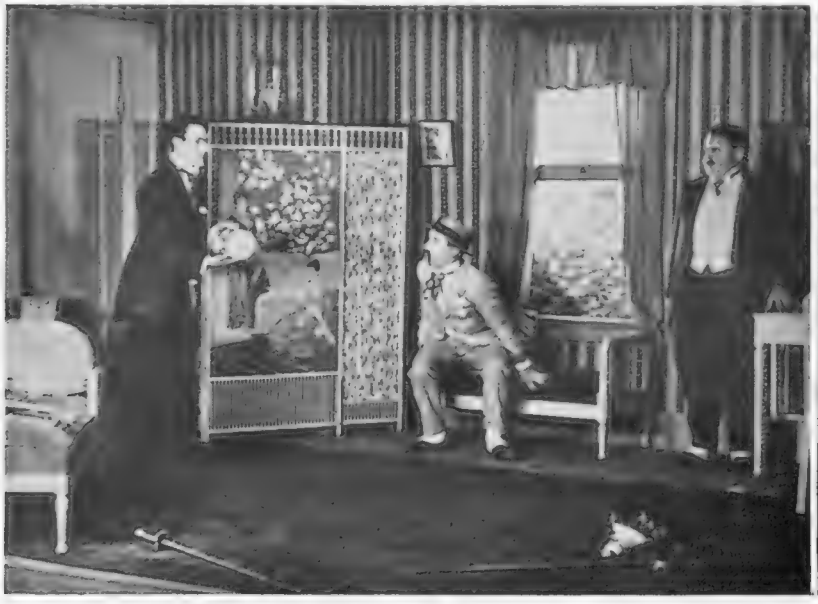
IT is strange, too, to find that for a decade films nearly all followed three familiar patterns—farce, domestic drama, and crime-with-a-moral. The first Western did not arrive till 1910, when Broncho Billy started the vogue with *The Claim Jumpers*, shown in full in *Flashbacks*. The fans of the period believed that Broncho Billy was a hero of the prairies left over from the Indian days. Actually he was a Jewish vaudeville actor, Max Aaronson. He changed his name to G. M. Anderson, but it was simply as Broncho Billy that he became famous. Unlike Tom Mix, who was really a horseman, and William S. Hart, who at least had a sad but likeable horse face, Broncho Billy Aaronson acquired horsemanship with difficulty. It was for this reason that he invented a practice since followed by practically all stars when feats of difficulty and danger are required—the use of a double, skilled in trick riding and acrobatic falls, for the long shots. In *The Claim Jumpers*, the thrills are, by present-day standards, non-existent. Apart from the poisoning of the heroine's father, there is no homicide, and at the showdown the hero, brandishing a revolver, drives off the three desperadoes without firing a shot.

THE next four or five years were amongst the most significant in film history; they saw the rise of the big feature film and a score of famous players. One could have done with excerpts; but just when his story is getting most exciting, Mr. Cochran is content to give us Mary Pickford's *Home Folk* (made in 1913, when she was famous), *Mabel Lost and Won*, starring that gamine of genius, Mabel Normand, and *The Perfect Lady*, in which the brilliance of Chaplin's pantomime is already clearly apparent.

The twenty-three years between 1915 and to-day are covered simply by newsreels, which is a pity — unless, of course, Mr. Cochran contemplates a sequel.

THE other new films are unimportant. *Alexander's Ragtime Band* derives most of its interest from the resurrection of tunes that had once (and for some of us still have) power to quicken the pulse and evoke sad memories of joys past.

As for *Mademoiselle Ma Mère*, I can only deplore that so lovely and gifted an artist as Danielle Darrieux should be wasted on a footling little farce so resolutely French as to be concerned only with one emotion and set almost entirely in bedrooms.

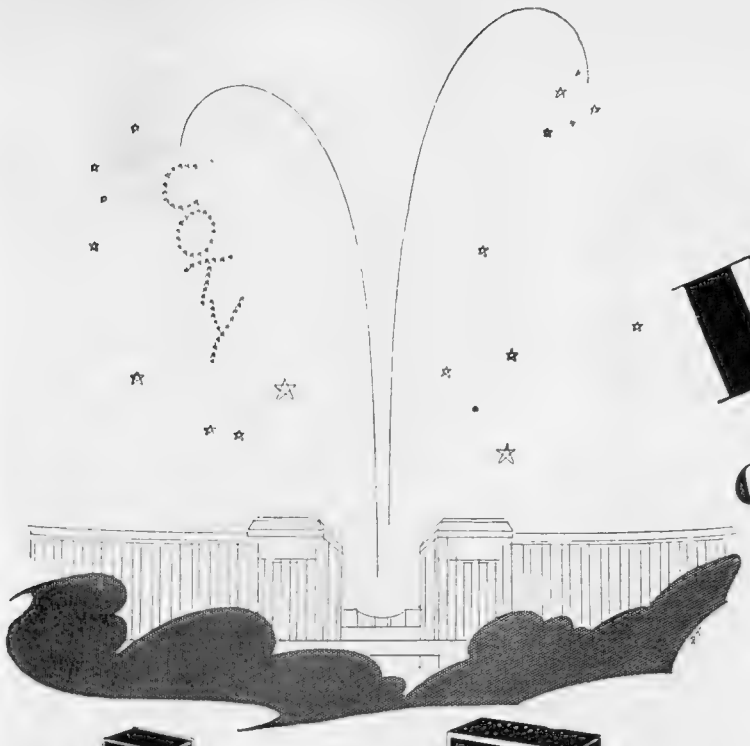


Harold Lloyd's First Film Appearance

The young man in horn-rimmed glasses, with the ingenuous smile, is Harold Lloyd. His now famous features made their first appearance in "Never Touched Me," from which the scene above is taken, and the film makes up the hilarious programme of old-timers at the Palace, which Charles B. Cochran has put on under the title "Flashbacks"

An Early Charlie Chaplin

This Flashback from the Palace Theatre programme is called "A Perfect Lady." The perfect lady in question is Charlie Chaplin, one of the few stars of yesteryear who still burns



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"Bystander" Short Story No. 160

The Portrait

By Irene Clephane

Illustrated by Barbosa

LUIGI and Lena were not married; but they had been living together so long that their friends had forgotten the fact. Luigi was one of those blond Italians from the north who upset all orthodox ideas about national types; Lena was English, but small and dark, perfectly proportioned, beautifully made. Luigi, an incorrigible sampler of women, always came home and said, "Lena, you have the most beautiful body I have ever seen," and this consoled Lena a little, and salved Luigi's conscience completely. After all, a man who never forgot to say after each encounter with another woman, "It 's so good to come *home* to you, Lena," and added in spontaneous and genuine delight, "You have the best body I have ever seen," had not in any real sense been unfaithful. Or so he felt.

They were taking tea with Maud Goldstein. Maud was allowed a few pounds a week by her parents—comfortable professing Jews domiciled in Birmingham whose only heir and idol she was. Maud was always telling her friends what a lovely child she had been, and if the photographs she produced were really of herself, she certainly had been pretty. Now, at something like forty, she bore no slightest resemblance to those childhood portraits—she suffered from myxœdema, and grew uglier and heavier from year to year. A pitiful progress. Even five years earlier, when Luigi and Lena first met her, she had been less gross than she was now.

Maud had decided quite young that she wanted to be an artist, and that the only place to learn to be an artist was the Slade. Her indulgent parents, after a fruitless effort to convince her of the excellence of art instruction in Birmingham, gave way, and sent her, at the age of seventeen, to lodge with an aunt at Hampstead. When she was twenty-one she struck against living with her aunt, and announced that she must have a studio of her own. Her parents, who held the purse-strings, said she might have her studio, but she must not live in it—she must live in a convenient boarding-house where they could feel assured she was well fed and protected. Her mother uprooted herself from Birmingham for ten days to seek the perfect studio and the perfectly appropriate boarding-house. And there Maud had stayed ever since. As she grew older and uglier, Maud had come to feel more and more the value of protection. She was comfortable at the boarding-house, and she enjoyed the daily expedition to her studio, where she struggled with the complexities of light and shade form and colour—not very successfully, it must be confessed, though owing to her kindly nature she occasionally got a commission to paint some cross-eyed child whose charm, its mother insisted, no photographer seemed able to catch. Ready as the camera is to lie nowadays, it cannot be persuaded to ignore a violent squint. But the artist can. And so, by hard and honest labour, Maud added small sums to her allowance. But for some time commissions had eluded her, and she was sick to death of painting and re-painting the bits and pieces about the studio which she had composed and re-composed into innumerable still lifes that stood stacked with their dismal faces to the wall.

They had nearly finished tea when Lena asked her, as usual, what work she was doing. Maud answered irritably, "None. I need a model and can't afford one."

"Paint Lena," said Luigi brightly.

Lena stiffened. Damn it, she thought, why can't he ask me first?

"Is this a commission?" asked Maud, with an attempt at sprightliness.

"Lord, no!" said Luigi. "You know we 're a great deal poorer than you are, Maud. But you couldn't find a better model anywhere than Lena. She 's got the——"

"Luigi!" interrupted Lena sharply.

"What 's the matter?" he asked airily, glancing at Lena, and then he continued without pause, "She 's got the most beautiful body I 've ever seen."

"And you 've seen a good many, haven't you?" said Maud, with a slight simper.

Has he ever . . . ? wondered Lena, and then, remembering Luigi's inability to keep such things to himself, knew that Maud was not among his conquests.

"*Would* you sit for me, Lena?" asked Maud. "I 'd be so grateful."

"I 'll let her sit for you on condition that you give me the picture," said Luigi commandingly.

"Well——" began Maud.

"I 'll sit for you if you give Luigi the picture, not otherwise," said Lena with sudden decision. "But I can only come on Saturday afternoons."

And so it was arranged that Lena should go to the studio on the next Saturday for the first sitting. On the way home she remarked: "She probably was a pretty child. What a tragedy! I felt I must do something for her."

Saturday after Saturday during that summer Lena sat patiently and uncomplainingly. She was disappointed to find how little progress Maud made. She touched and retouched, scraped and repainted. After five sittings, Lena left, thinking the picture was very nearly finished. But when she got to the studio for the sixth she found that Maud had scraped away the whole of the figure. By the end of the afternoon, however, she had painted it in again, sketchily. Lena thought the proportions worse than ever; but she said nothing, lest Maud should scrape it off again. The ninth Saturday was a lovely sunny day, and Lena said, "Maud, you must finish to-day. I 'm going on holiday next week." It was a lie—but she could not bear to feel her rare free time drifting past unenjoyed in this summer weather. Maud looked blank for a moment. Then she set to work, and for an hour there was no sound in the studio. They had tea, and before she resumed her position Lena walked over to the canvas. "Why, Maud, you 'll never improve on that," she said, with simulated pleasure. (Is my head that shape? she thought. My left arm looks deformed. And the grossness of that leg!) "I shan't let you touch it again." She began to put on her clothes. "I shall bring Luigi to see it next week."

And take Luigi she did. He was charmed. "Oh, Maud," he exclaimed, "so you 've done her from the back! How clever of you to know I 'd like that best!"

"We discussed it first," said Lena in a cold voice. "I 'm glad you like it. You do think Maud can regard it as finished?"

"It couldn't be bettered," said Luigi enthusiastically, and if Maud had not stopped him (the paint was not yet dry) he would have passed a caressing hand over the pictured buttocks.

Lena shivered and turned away. "Then that 's all right," she said.

They arranged that Maud should send on the picture as soon as it was dry, Luigi handing over forthwith the price of a frame. Then they drank some of Maud's bad coffee and shared with her a tin of herrings in tomato, garnished with stale bread and tired butter. No wonder her mother insists on her living in a boarding-house, thought Lena.

In the bus going home she said, "Do you really like it, Luigi?"

"Yes," said he. "Don't you?"

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "Is my head really as small in comparison as that? And does my left arm look deformed?"

"But that 's the perspective," said he.

"Perhaps it is. Only——"

"Only what?"

"I hoped perhaps it was Maud's bad painting."

"Nonsense! It 's very good. And I shall hang it over the bookcase opposite my desk so that you will always be with me even when you 're out," said Luigi sentimentally; and he leaned forward and patted her hand and smiled up into her calm brown eyes with his seemingly simple blue ones.

A week later the picture came home and was hung in its appointed place, and before long neither of them paid any attention to it—it was just part of the furnishing of Luigi's den.

THE years went on. Luigi spent ten days in Paris, and came back full of talk

(*Concluded on page* viii)

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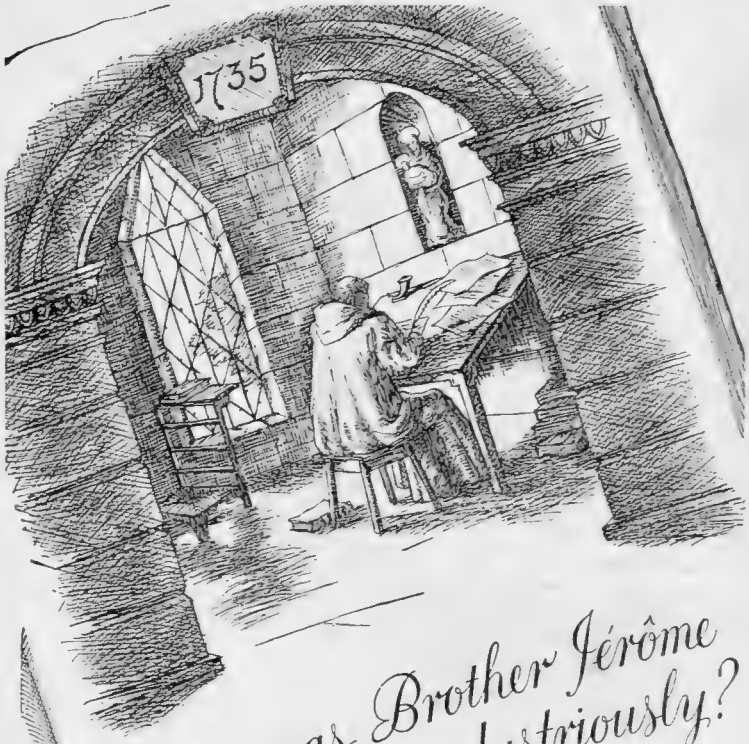

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THE LIQUEUR OF LIQUEURS

Our Air Policy—Service and Civil

By Charles Ward

The lighter side of aviation. Whilst the flight engineer tests a mailplane's engine prior to its flight from Los Angeles to Mexico City, two film actresses, Toby Wing and Grace Bradley, enjoy a breeze on the wing

THE aeroplane having proved to be, at one and the same time, a decisive factor for peace or war, some reflection on our past policy seems not out of place. It was the speed of the aeroplane that enabled our Prime Minister, his staff and leading lights of the world's Press to travel about Europe in search of peace. It was the threat of bombardment from the air that moved nations to revolt against the possibility of war, and to seek a peaceful settlement of the dispute. The lessons to be learnt from the scare are two in number. We must become top nation in the air, and we must pay more attention to the civil side, which offers a peaceful outlet for designers, manufacturers and pilots alike. The civil side can be productive, not only to Britain and the Empire, but to every foreign country. It is by means of rapid communication that friendship is maintained and differences settled. In the international sense, flying people seldom quarrel. Last week, at the height of the crisis, I saw Lufthansa liners, littered with swastikas, standing wing-tip to wing-tip beside a "Douglas" from Prague, a "Marcel Bloch" from Paris, and one of our own Imperial veterans. The pilots, meantime, were discussing the weather, the press of passengers hurrying hither and thither all over Europe, and, incidentally, the crisis—what would they do if war came. Civil aviation in such an event, would cease. Preparations had been made in the principal countries to absorb the commercial fleet for defence. This did not mean that liners would be used as bombers. Very few are suitable for active service. The carriage of supplies, ammunition, mails and official passengers would have been their lot.

TO become top nation in the air, it is necessary to spend even more money on armaments. The plan is in operation, and needs to be accelerated one hundred per cent. Greater distribution of manufacturing resources is vital. There are still factories in our country, the destruction of which might paralyse defence in time of war. Recruiting for the R.A.F. and for flying duties generally, is satisfactory, but we want more 'planes for tuition, and many more instructors. Think of the people who could drive a lorry, an ambulance, a fire-engine, an armoured car—even a tank—in emergency, and compare it with the relatively small number who can fly or navigate in the air. The civil side of aviation has been neglected by the manufacturers because there has been no money to be made, and by the Government because the Treasury has been unwilling to subsidise an industry which did not appear to offer a return to the nation as a whole. Surely the latest proof of value of civil aviation will induce a change of heart in those who govern the country. But for the courage of British Airways in ordering American liners, the Prime Minister might have arrived in Germany too late for effective intervention. It isn't the fault of Imperials that they are using veterans eight years of age. The bulk of our aircraft industry has been dissuaded from entering the civil market by the Air Ministry's attitude, or has had its policy dictated by shareholders anxious for quick returns. This unhappy state of affairs should now end. Let any nation bent on aggression concentrate its efforts to build a fleet of bombers, and let us, with our enormous resources, build bombers but also air-liners for trade and transport.

Some phrases seldom ring true

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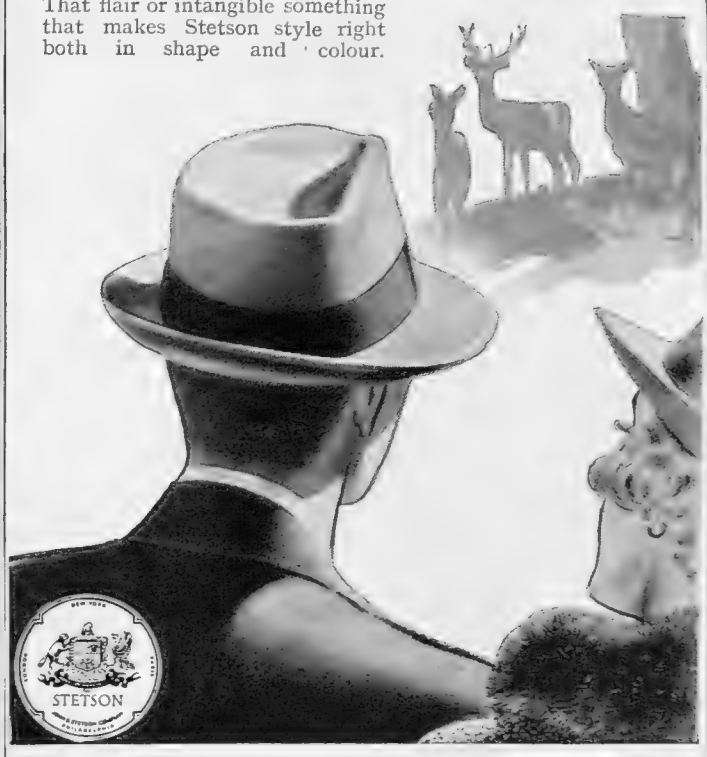

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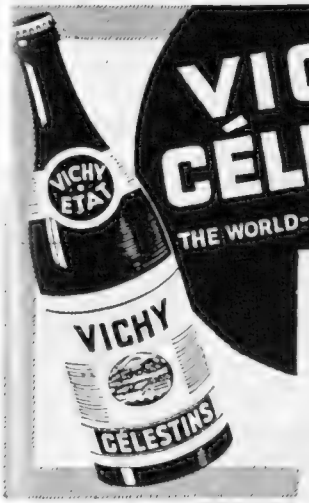

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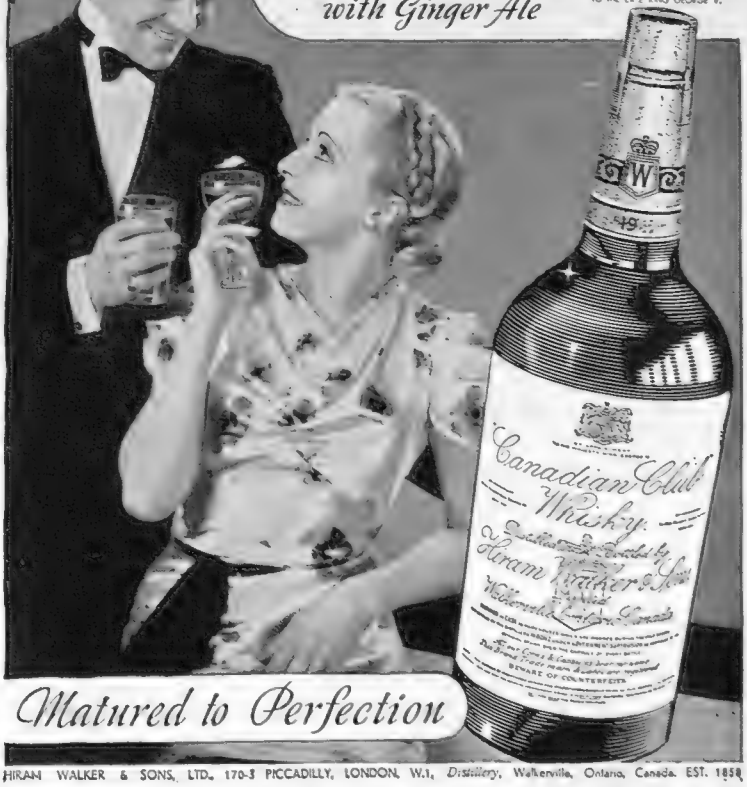

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YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

Rendells

FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

The Portrait (Continued from page iv)

about a man he had met there through common friends. "Extraordinary fellow," he said to Lena. "He 's a highly respected member of the Sorbonne. A leading light. Incredibly ascetic, according to his reputation. But, my dear, you know how people always tell me their secrets. He took me to his home—he 's got a studio flat on the outskirts of Paris. And the books he 's got there!" Luigi did not actually lick his lips at the recollection, but Lena felt he would have liked to do so. "He 's coming to London soon, and he 's longing to meet you," he added.

In due course Pierre came. Lena had successfully resisted the suggestion that he should be housed in their three-roomed flat, and on the second evening after his arrival he invited her and Luigi to dinner at his hotel. Lena took an instant dislike to him—he seemed to her to bear a striking resemblance to a large, white slug, to some repellent, etiolated vegetable growth reared in a sunless cellar. She barely touched his chilly grey hand—it was not actually clammy, but in recollection she always felt that it must have been.

He gave them an excellent dinner, and talked amusingly in very good English. Gradually Lena began to feel that her first impression had been mistaken. The horror that had numbed her at sight of him gradually thawed, until she found herself laughing at his really witty remarks about their fellow-diners, whispered in a low, confidential voice first into her ear, and then into Luigi's. But when towards the end of the meal she got up to go to the cloakroom, his eyes ran down and up her person in a cold, calculating way that sent a shiver of repulsion through her. She would have liked to leave the hotel without returning to their table, but with an effort she compelled herself to go back and drink coffee. She refused a liqueur, and then begged to be excused, on account of fatigue after a hard day. Luigi's face clouded. "You need not come," she said quickly. "It 's quite early—there will be plenty of buses still. But don't wake me up when you come in, there 's a dear." She managed to avoid shaking hands with Pierre in farewell, and reached the fresh air with relief.

Next morning Luigi was as full of enthusiasm for his friend as ever. "I 've asked him to dine with us here to-morrow," he announced.

"Luigi, I can't bear the man," said Lena deprecatingly. "I 'm awfully sorry, but I really can't."

Luigi's face darkened. "But I 've asked him, and I can't put him off. He was so very decent to me in Paris."

"That 's all right," said Lena. "I 'll get a meal ready for you, and then I 'll go to Joan's. You can tell him my sister 's been taken ill suddenly—that I had made the arrangement before he came—that you didn't know of it or had forgotten it. Anything. You 're so forgetful, you know. You can easily explain."

And so Luigi was left to entertain Pierre alone.

It was about one o'clock when Lena returned. She let herself in quietly and walked softly along to Luigi's den. She could see a light under the door, but after listening for voices and hearing none, she knocked and went in. Luigi was alone, smoking and reading. He looked up with a smile.

"Had a good evening?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "quiet and restful. And you?"

"Oh, we talked and talked, and I showed him some of *my* books this time. Yes, we enjoyed ourselves. And he was so disappointed not to see you, and asked me to thank you for the delightful supper."

"That 's all right," said she. "I 'll get hot-water bottles." She turned, then stopped abruptly. "Where 's my portrait?" she asked sharply.

"Oh," said Luigi, "a lucky thing. Pierre liked it. I 've sold it to him for £5."

"Sold it?" she asked slowly. "Sold me naked to that slug for £5?"

"You always said you disliked it," began Luigi in a puzzled voice; but before he could say more Lena was out of the room. Quietly she closed the door of Luigi's den. Quietly she walked along the corridor and opened the front door. Quietly she closed it and went down the stairs. Outside she walked quickly until she found a taxi. She gave the man her sister's address.

Half an hour later her sister telephoned to Luigi. "Lena asked me to ring you up and say she 's with me, and she 's not coming back."

"Not coming back?" asked Luigi in a tone of utter bewilderment. "But I 'd no idea she had gone out even. I thought she was doing something in the kitchen. She can't go off like that. It 's absurd! There 's nothing wrong. We haven't quarrelled. What 's the matter with her?"

"She won't say anything else. I 've asked her and asked her, and she just says, 'You tell him I 'm not going back,'" and with that Joan rang off.

Lena never did say anything more. But she did not go back, either. Her sister could not understand it, nor could any of her friends.

Neither, for that matter, could Luigi.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Right) PERFECTLY TAILORED COAT in a black wool fabric with collar and revers in Persian Lamb. Suitable for all figures **8½** Gns.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Cannons of Hollywood

Lilian Macpherson

Is the only daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Macpherson, of Viewfield House, Edinburgh. She is to marry Dr. Leland T. Chapin, of Stanford University, California, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harkness L. Chapin, of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

Fayer

Betty Howard Paget

Is engaged to Charles Rochfort-Boyd, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Lt.-Col. H. C. Rochfort-Boyd, and Mrs. Leo Cobham, of 51, Chesil Court, S.W.3. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Howard Paget, of 3, Lawrence Mansions, S.W.3

Kay Vaughan

Rosemary Waithman

Is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Waithman, of Thorncliffe, Wargrave, Berks. She is engaged to Christopher Parton Gabriel (Squadron-Leader, A.A.F.), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Gabriel, of Coxhill, Chobham, Surrey

Bassano

Ann Mounsey

Is engaged to Francis Athelstan Baines, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Baines, of Great Rissington, Gloucestershire. She is the eldest daughter of the late J. E. Mounsey, and Mrs. Mounsey, of Cold Ashton, Gloucestershire, and 15, The Vale, S.W.3

Lenare

Patricia Tonks

Is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Myles Tonks, of Brompton, Chatham, Kent. She has announced her engagement to Lieut. Nigel V. B. Thurston, R.N., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Thurston, of Glebe Court, West Monkton, Somerset

Lenare

Gladys Margaret Nugent

Is engaged to Peter Audley Delmé-Radcliffe, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. Delmé-Radcliffe, and Mrs. Delmé-Radcliffe, of 30, Rivermead Court, S.W.6. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Nugent, of Scott's Hill, Antigua

Lenare

Diana Ursula Slack

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hervey Deane Slack, of Woolsery, Middle Warberry Road, Torquay. Her fiancé is Capt. Gerald Michael Palmer, Royal Artillery, son of the late Lt.-Col. C. H. Palmer, and Mrs. Cecil Palmer, of Claines, Holybourne, Hants.

Madeleine Annabella Baines

Is to be married on October 17th in Naini Tal, U.P., India, to Captain Patrick Robert Mitton Waterfield, R.A., son of Colonel and Mrs. F. Waterfield, of Heath Rise, Putney; she is the elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. H. Baines, of Preston Park, Brighton

King — Bell

It was a quiet wedding at the Savoy Chapel between Sqdn.-Leader Patrick John Richardson King, youngest son of the late Paul Henry King and Mrs. King, and Janet Alethea Bell, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. H. A. Bell, of Greenstone House, Lincoln

Cresswell — Charrington

Edward Baker Cresswell, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Baker Cresswell, and grandson of G. G. Baker Cresswell, of Preston Tower, Chathill, Northumberland, married Anne Sylvia Charrington at St. Andrew's, Hertford. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Charrington, of Broad Oak End, Hertford

Rootes — Beadle

A wedding of interest to the motoring world took place at the Caxton Hall Register Office between Reginald Claud Rootes, deputy-chairman of the firm of that name, and Nancy Norris Beadle. Mr. Rootes and his brother now control eighteen different companies

(Concluded on page D)

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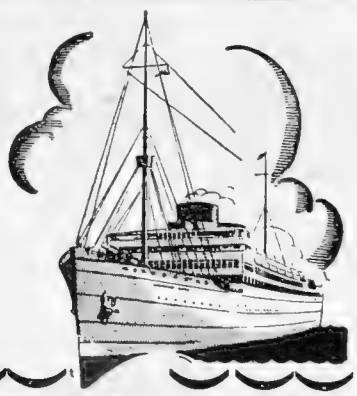

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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Kehoe — March

Cedric John Kehoe, of 20, Grosvenor Square, son of the late Dr. J. Kehoe and Mrs. J. Pemberton, of Dorset House, W., married Iris March, of 39, Hill Street, W., at St. James's, Spanish Place. She was one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies

Sconce — Shore

Douglas Archibald Sconce, R.A., son of the late H. A. K. Sconce, M.I.C.E., and Mrs. Sconce, of 5, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, married Barbara Margaret Shore at St. Leonard's, Hythe. She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. W. F. Shore and Mrs. Keith Jackson, of Wayfaring, Hythe, Kent

Armstrong — Morell

It was an Australian wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields between Geoffrey Armstrong, of Australia, and Shiella Morell, only daughter of Sir Stephen and Lady Morell, of Avoca Street, South Garru, Melbourne, Australia

Ker — Findlay

Neil Ripley Ker, son of Major and Mrs. R. M. Ker, and grandson of Ripley Ker, of Easterton, Milngavie, Scotland, and Jean Frances Findlay, daughter of Brigadier C. B. Findlay, and granddaughter of Mrs. James Gunter, of 28, Hans Place, S.W.1; were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Davidson-Houston — Dobson

Captain Aubrey Davidson-Houston, Royal Sussex Regiment, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. B. Davidson-Houston, of Old Red House, Esher, and Nina Dobson, only child of the late Captain Harold Dobson, and Mrs. Dobson, of 40, Halsey Street, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Costley White — Delmore

Cyril Costley White, son of the Dean of Gloucester and Mrs. Costley White, and Elizabeth Katherine Mary Delmore were married in the King Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey. She is the ward of Major and Mrs. Jack Shaw, of Welburn Hall, Kirby Moorside, Yorks.

Hay-Drummond-Hay — Davidson

Peter Hay-Drummond-Hay and Clare Margaret Davidson were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hay-Drummond-Hay (his father was in the Sudan Political Service). She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davidson, of 24, Ovington Gardens, S.W.

Williams Wynn — Roper

Francis Williams Wynn, Royal Artillery, of Peniarth, Towyn, Merioneth, son of Major F. Williams Wynn, of Chilworth Cottage, Guildford, and Peggy Roper, daughter of Mrs. O. W. White, of Avondale, Dorchester, Dorset, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Elphinstone — Hurst

Kenneth J. T. Elphinstone and Felicity Hurst were married at Chislehurst Parish Church. His parents are Canon M. C. and Mrs. Elphinstone, of Southchurch Rectory, Southend-on-Sea, and hers are his Honour Judge Sir Gerald Hurst and Lady Hurst, of Hoblands, Chislehurst, Kent

From Liberty's . . .

"Josephine"

Soft Gulmar velvet is responsible for this attractive Afternoon Dress. Trimmed fine Valenciennes lace. Colours: cherry, reseda, bottle green, saxe blue, electric blue, brown and black. Hips: 36, 38, 40 and 42. **6** Gns.

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BY DEBENHAMS

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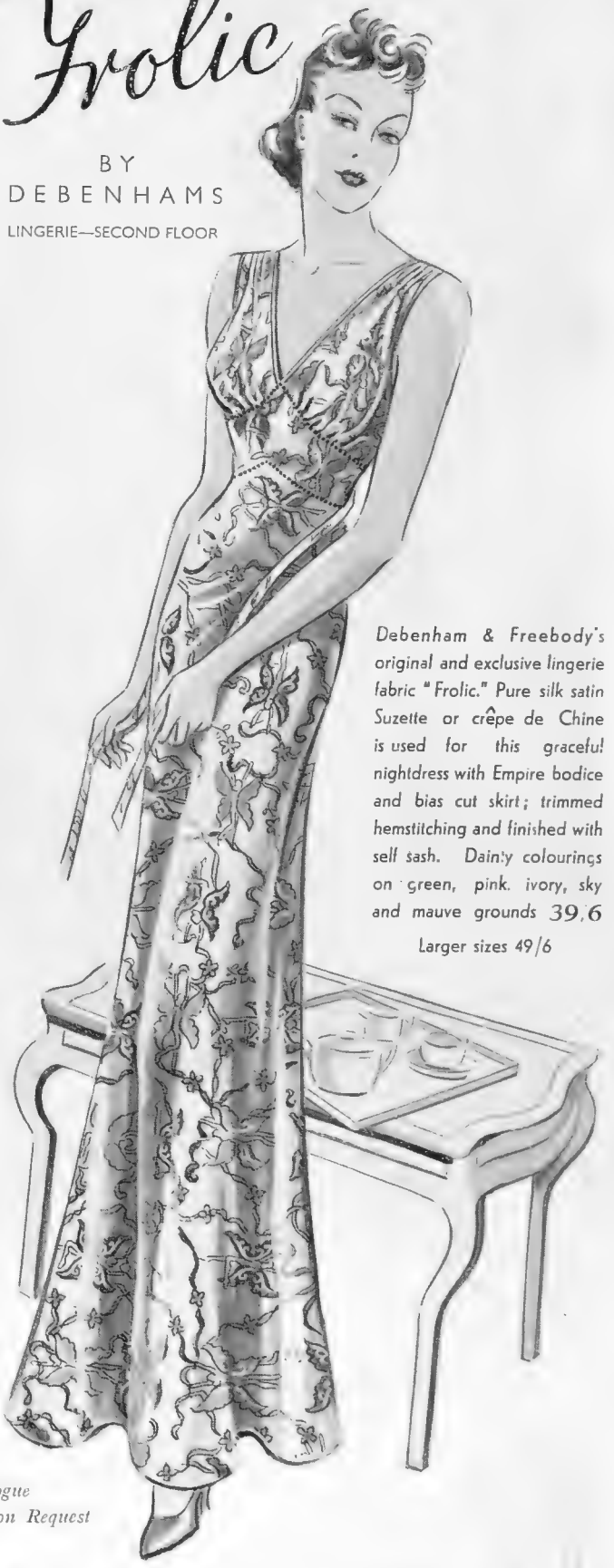

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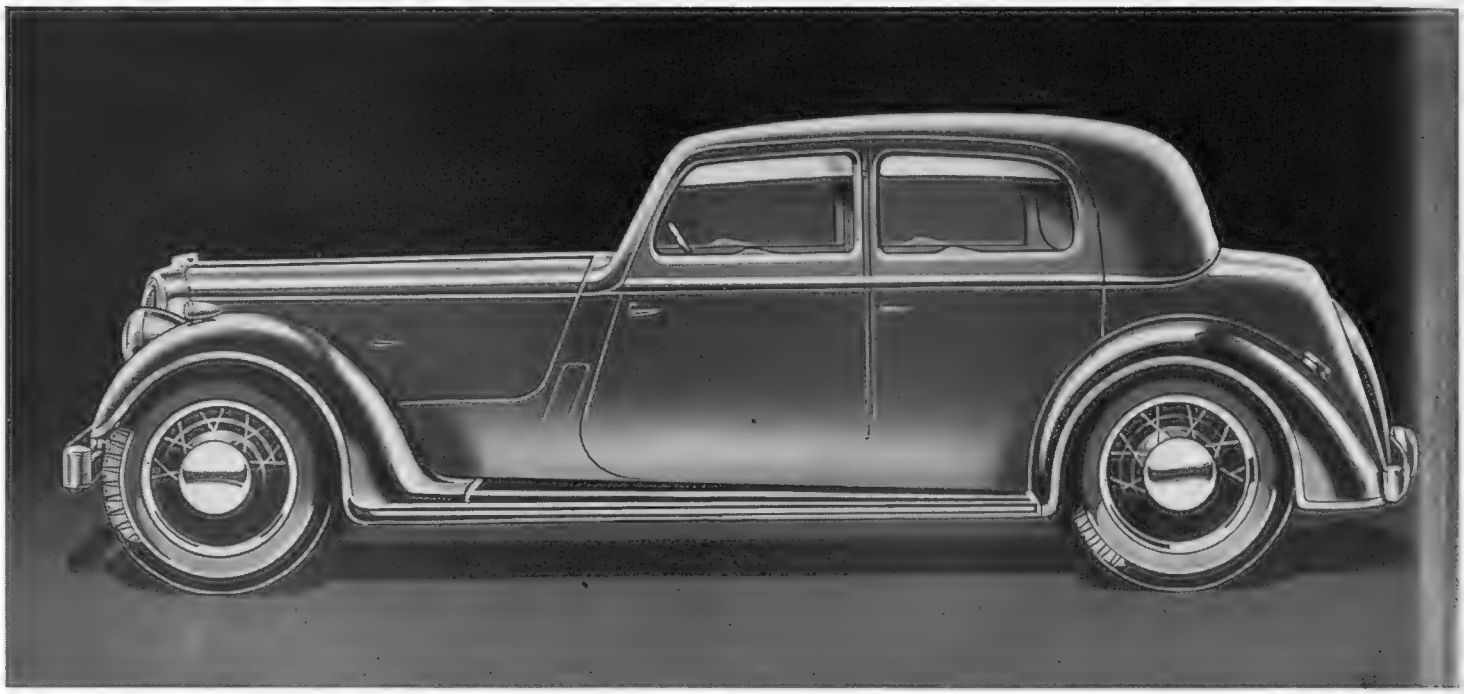

THE NEW ROVER FOURTEEN SPORTS SALOON £340

The Rover programme for 1939 contains important additions and improvements. Outstanding among these are the introduction of an entirely new Rover Fourteen, new 10 h.p. Saloon coachwork, and many additional refinements. These include the addition of synchromesh to the successful Rover Freewheel and the fitting of anti-roll stabilisers to both axles of the six cylinder models, bringing even finer motoring to driver and passengers.

Prices from :— *10 h.p. £275,* *12 h.p. £300,* *14 h.p. £330,* *16 h.p. £360,* *20 h.p. £425*

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CVS—287

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Motor Show Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE formula has not yet been found for making an Englishman concentrate upon national affairs to the complete exclusion of his hobbies, be they shove-ha'penny, football or motoring, and so the annual Motor Exhibition to be held at Earl's Court from to-morrow until Saturday, October 22nd, is likely to draw almost as large crowds as ever.

Certainly the exhibits at this year's Show should be of the utmost interest, for the past twelve months have seen enormous advances in design. Not only has the external shape of cars undergone a great modification, but the constructional details of engine, chassis and body have progressed at least as quickly. There is a tendency to clean up the body-lines of the new cars by dispensing more or less with rear wings, housing the rear wheels within the body-span. Not only does this improve appearance and give greater body-width, but it assists streamline and cleanliness and allows wider-opening doors.

Greater running-economy and engine-accessibility than ever before are available on the new cars, although paradoxically the latter feature should prove an unnecessary advancement with the additional reliability now provided by the simplification of working parts.

A particularly interesting feature of the new cars is the increased use of plastics in their construction. Thus weight has been saved, but not at the expense of strength or rigidity.

The increasing number of new motor roads in this country and the construction of high-speed autobahnen and autostrada on the Continent are beginning to be reflected in the modern car design. Thus it is noticed that slower revving engines are becoming the vogue, together with higher gears and, in some enlightened cases, alternative "overdrives."

The inclusion of car radio exhibits among the accessories of this year's Show is a departure which marks clearly the march of time, and undoubtedly will do much to further popularise this already popular item.

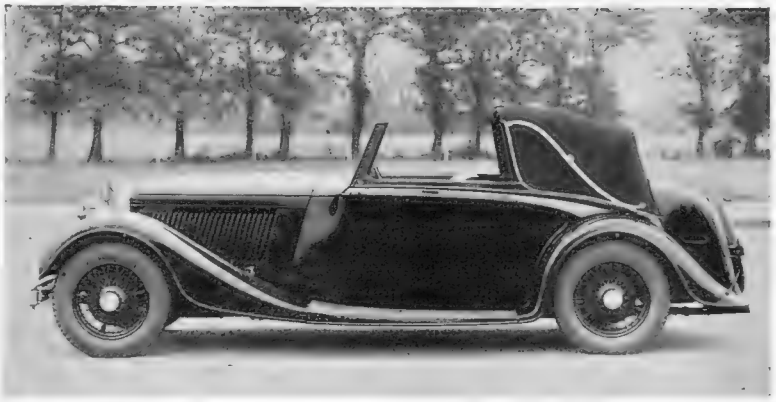
A NUMBER of ingenious gadgets will be found in the Exhibition, including a transparent "skin" which can be applied to the inside of the windscreen to eliminate misting-up, a water-fed glove-sponge for car-washing, dash-board clock with a control which automatically switches on the side- and tail-lights at a pre-set hour, and so on. Independent suspension will be found to have increased in popularity during the past twelve months, and devices for simplifying gear-changing have also gained ground. By far the most noticeable improvements, however, will be found in the lengths to which almost all manufacturers have gone to give drivers and passengers alike greater comfort. Improved head-room in saloons, more conveniently grouped controls, better visibility fore and aft (much narrower windscreen-pillars helping considerably), greater ease of entry and exit, better ventilation and fumes-extraction, more comfortable seats and upholstery, and a positive welter of handy accessories — all these will add immeasurably to the comfort of the new cars and, coincidentally, to their safety.

Obviously, in the limited space at my disposal, it is impossible to mention all the highly interesting exhibits in the Exhibition, but the following notes about a few of them, arranged alphabetically, may serve as a guide to those many readers who contemplate a visit to Earl's Court.

THE ALVIS range is distinguished by many features characteristic of all that is best in the design of British automobiles. Silence, smoothness and speed combine with dignity and comfort, while all-synchromesh gear-boxes are built-in.

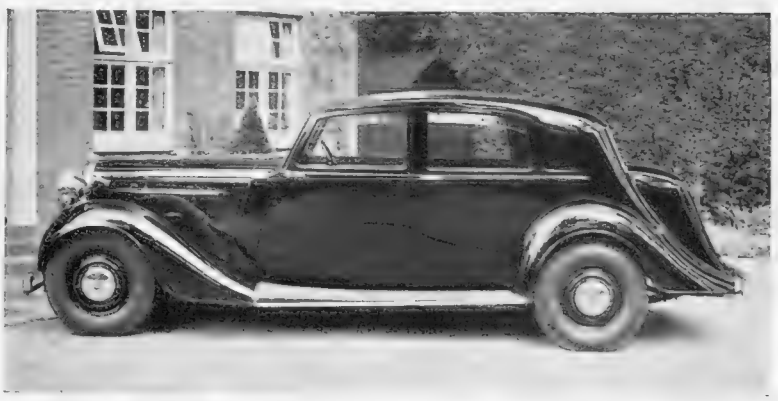
Perhaps the most interesting car in the Alvis range is the four-cylinder "12/70," which sells at £435 in saloon form and at £445 as a drop-head coupé. The bodies now are bigger on this model than when first it was introduced, and this, together with the rearranged seating, makes for the greatest possible degree of comfort.

Another fine example of Alvis craftsmanship is the 3½-litre "Speed 25," the chassis of which costs £625, while the open sports tourer is listed at £735, and both the four-light saloon and drop-head coupé at £885.



A Hooper Coupé Cabriolet, on a 4¼ Litre Bentley Chassis

Don 89 is a Wolseley 14/60-h.p. Saloon

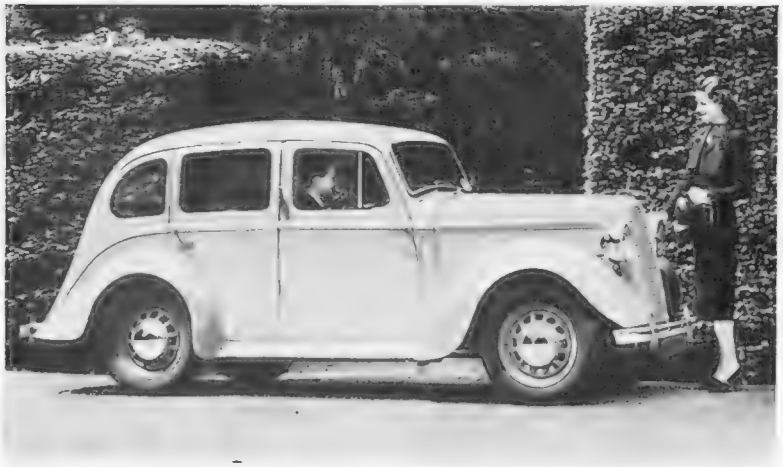


A Thrupp and Maberly Sports Saloon on a Humber Pullman Chassis

Portland Place and an Austin "Fourteen" are Lady Marguerite Strickland's Setting

A Hooper Sedanca de Ville on a "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce Chassis

This Lanchester "Eighteen" is priced at £525



The Hillman "Minx": a Safety Saloon at £163

The Daimler 2½-Litre "Fifteen" Saloon

"BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

THERE are no fewer than twenty-eight different models in the AUSTIN range for 1939, and of these it has been found possible to reduce the prices of sixteen. Detail improvements characterise all the 1939 Austins, even greater roominess being the outstanding feature.

The only new model is the 28-h.p. "Ranelagh" limousine, which has a six-cylinder engine of 4,016 c.c.

There is indeed "something for everybody" in the Austin programme, in which prices range from £108 for the 7-h.p. two-seater to £700 for the new "Ranelagh" limousine.

OF course, when one mentions the name BENTLEY, one thinks instinctively of the acme of smooth and comfortable speed. Pre-eminent among the world's sports cars, the Bentley is the ultimate ambition of all sporting enthusiasts. Whereas only one type of Bentley chassis is built, alternative engines of 3½ litres or 4¼ litres are obtainable in it. The advantages of the larger power-unit are much more apparent in acceleration than in all-out speed, the maximum in both cases being nearer the century than the ninety m.p.h. mark. Throughout the exhibition many fine examples of the best British coachwork are available for inspection on Bentley chassis.

To mention but three firms who will be exhibiting Bentley bodies, Jack Barclay's body-building offshoot, JAMES YOUNG, LTD., show a handsome brougham de ville on a 4¼-litre chassis; while MESSRS. HOOPER feature a two-door coupé cabriolet, and MESSRS. THRUPP AND MABERLY have a very distinctive touring saloon.

A NEW DAIMLER engine is always regarded as a British motor engineering event. This year there are two new engines—a 2½ litre and a 4 litre. These new engines have been in process of development for more than a year, and are for two most outstanding cars in the Daimler range—the now famous "Fifteen" and the 90-m.p.h. car previously known as the "Light Straight Eight." The new 4-litre model and the large "Straight Eight" (of which the Royal cars are examples) will be the only all-British cars at the Motor Show with straight-eight engines.

Some time ago I gave BYSTANDER readers my impressions of the Daimler "Fifteen" 2½-litre saloon, and it only remains for me to repeat that I regard this car as superlatively good value at £485, at which price the sports saloon is also available. As to the 4-litre sports saloon, while this comes into a totally different price category at £1135, it is relatively just as good a "buy" as its less ambitious counterpart. It is in every sense of the words an up-to-date luxury car. Beautiful lines, smooth, sweet performance, lively acceleration and super-comfort make this car a memorable engineering achievement.

The "Straight Eight" touring limousine costs £2015, and, like all Daimlers, it is a car one can drive hard for long periods, putting up an amazing average with complete absence of effort on the part either of car or driver.

Two other models complete the Daimler range for 1939, these being the snappy "Twenty" saloon at £595 and the "Twenty-Four" limousine at £875. All Daimler models, of course, have fluid-flywheel transmission.

THE HILLMAN 10-h.p. "Minx" and "Fourteen" have been among the best-sellers of 1938, and so they are, of course, continued for the coming year. The amazing comfort, performance and economy of the "Minx," combined with its unbelievably slick and easy gear-change, make it an ideal car for Mr. Everyman—and his feminine relatives.

Despite rising production-costs, the price of the "Minx" safety saloon has been reduced to £163, those of the saloon de luxe and the four-seater drop-head coupé to £175 and £210 respectively; while the touring saloon, a new model, costs £166.

Both the "Fourteen" models are also listed lower than last season, the safety saloon being £9 cheaper at £239 and the saloon de luxe showing a saving of £13 at £255.

I REFERRED just now to the very smart Bentley on the stand of MESSRS. HOOPER AND CO. I should, I feel, have added that their exhibits also include a touring limousine body on a 32-h.p. Daimler chassis and a four-seater "Sedanca" on a 40/50-h.p. Rolls-Royce, together with a notably practical limousine on a 25/30-h.p. Rolls-Royce.

THE HUMBER CO. has made history with the introduction of the new 4-litre "Super Snipe." This car is perhaps the first to combine the high qualities of British

(*Continued on page* J)

Better Motoring for less Money . . . VAUXHALL

alone combines all these features

Complete range of new models for 1939 season on display at the Motor Show.

10 h.p. **40 M.P.G.** *The new edition of the popular Vauxhall "10." Smoother performance; many refinements. Exceptional economy.*
Saloons from **£168**

12 h.p. **35 M.P.G.** *Costs less to buy and less to run than any other "Twelve."*
Saloons from **£189**

14 h.p. **30 M.P.G.** *Worthy successor to the earlier Vauxhall "Fourteens." Fuller details below.*
De Luxe Saloon **£230**

25 h.p. **20 M.P.G.** *Exceptionally roomy; maximum speed 80 m.p.h., outstanding acceleration. Limousine prices from £555.* *Saloons from* **£345**

VAUXHALL'S LATEST
The New "14" Six

Every year since 1933 when the first Light Six made history, successive Vauxhalls have been the most popular cars in the 14 h.p. class.

For 1939 we offer a new "Fourteen" that will more than maintain the lead established by its predecessors.

It is a bigger, roomier, more impressive car, with hydraulic brakes, controlled synchromesh on all forward gears, an adjustable steering wheel, many new luxuries, an even livelier performance and yet will still do 30 miles to the gallon.

It has the torsion bar system of independent suspension which, in addition to improving all roads, gives extra stability, safer cornering, is trouble-free and requires very little attention.

IN every Vauxhall there are certain basic features which cannot be found together in any other cars in the world. Those features are responsible for the unusual combination of performance, comfort, roominess and economy.

We ask you, in your own interests, to try every car that is available at the price you are prepared to pay. Any Vauxhall dealer will arrange for you to try a Vauxhall.

REAL ECONOMY. *With normal driving, Vauxhalls give approximately 20% more m.p.g.* ***PERFORMANCE.*** *All Vauxhalls have lively acceleration and excellent top gear performance.* ***INDEPENDENT SPRINGING.*** *Changes riding into gliding and improves stability, steering, cornering and road holding.* ***SAFETY.*** *Hydraulic brakes give smooth, powerful, effortless braking.* ***DRIVING EASE.*** *Vauxhall controlled Synchromesh. Steering is accurate and shock-free. All controls handy and light.* ***COMFORT.*** *Body Conformity front seats. Exceptional leg-room and head-room. No-Draught Ventilation and sliding roofs on de luxe models. Ample luggage space.* ***QUIETNESS.*** *Great success has been achieved in the prevention and insulation of car noises.*

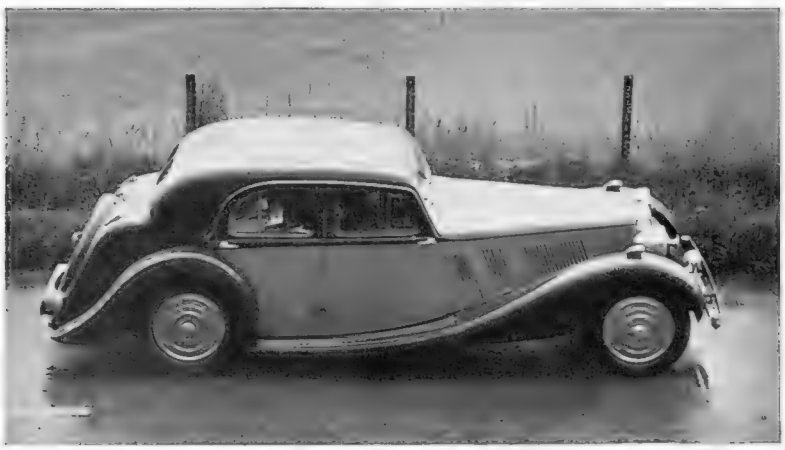
Separate booklets on all models and an interesting book "Engineering Leadership" will gladly be sent on request. Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds.

VAUXHALL'S LATEST
The New 14 h.p. Six-Cyl.
De Luxe Saloon - - **£230**

VAUXHALL INDEPENDENT SPRINGING

Changes Riding into Gliding

The Triumph Two-litre "Dolomite Royal" Saloon



The M.G. Two-litre Saloon

The Morris "Fourteen/Six" o.h.v. Saloon

The Lagonda Short Saloon, by W. O. Bentley

workmanship and finish with that exceptional top-gear flexibility previously associated only with far more cumbersome American cars. The prices of this elegant newcomer to a famous range are £355 for the saloon and £398 for the sports saloon.

The Humber "Sixteen" and the "Snipe," the "Imperial" and the "Pullman," are retained among the 1939 models at prices varying from £345 to £750.

THE twelve-cylinder LAGONDA is probably the fastest standard car on the British market. A genuine 100 m.p.h. in fully (indeed, sumptuously) equipped saloon form is always obtainable and can be exceeded if desired. Notwithstanding its high-speed capabilities, however, the Lagonda is a docile and supremely comfortable car, the internal and external finish of which is representative of the best British craftsmanship.

For 1939, the Lagonda range comprises a sports saloon at £1550, a drop-head coupé at £1575, a five-passenger de ville at £1625, and the seven-passenger limousine at £1850.

THERE are seven LANCHESTER models at Earl's Court. The one of which I personally have had most experience is the "Eighteen" sports saloon, the selling price of which is £525. I can vouch unhesitatingly for the many admirable qualities of this car. It is exceedingly comfortable and one may drive it long distances non-stop without fatigue. It is a fast car, with excellent acceleration and brakes. It holds the road admirably, wet or fine, and even with an unbalanced load at the back. The fluid-flywheel transmission minimises driving difficulty, and the engine stands up to prolonged fast work without the slightest loss of "tune."

The other Lanchester models on show are the "Roadrider" de luxe saloon, with synchromesh gear-box at £350, or with fluid-flywheel transmission at £375; the "Roadrider" de luxe sports saloon at £375; the "Eighteen" saloon at £525; the "Eleven" saloon at £295; and the "Eleven" sports saloon at £298.

AN entirely new 2·6-litre model is the high spot of the 1939 M.G. range. This car, which combines the traditional M.G. elegance with the almost legendary M.G. performance, has a 20-h.p. engine with four-speed gear-box and synchromesh gear control. To me the most interesting feature of this car is the highly intelligent method by which the engine oil temperature is controlled so that warm oil is fed to it when the engine is cold, and only cool oil is passed to it when the engine temperature has risen sufficiently. Three body styles are available on this chassis, the saloon at £442, the four-seater drop-head coupé at £468, and the open four-seater at £450, while the chassis costs £295.

The Series T "Midget" is continued, with a coupé and a two-seater, the latter costing £222, while the 1½-litre and 2-litre models are also again listed at prices ranging between £215 and £415.

AS ever, the MORRIS stand at Earl's Court is destined to be thronged throughout the exhibition. Whatever your individual taste in motoring, here will be found something to satisfy it to perfection.

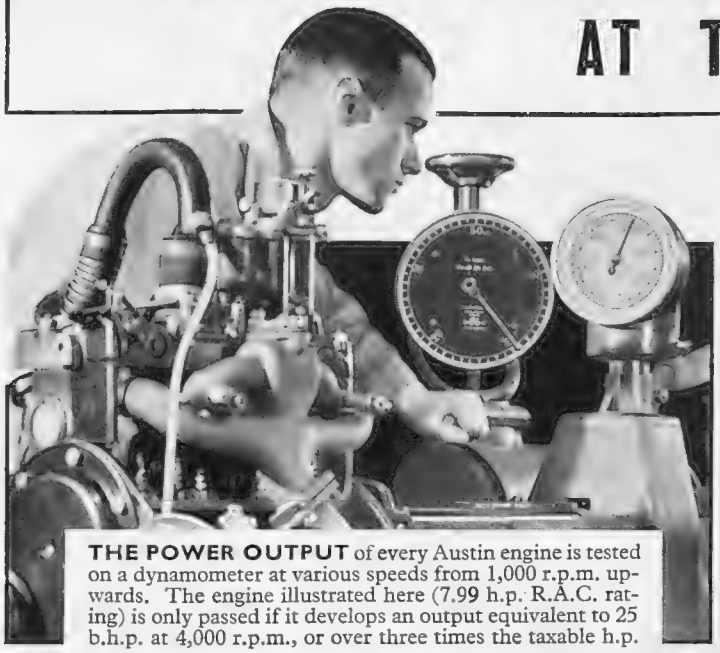
Probably the tit-bit of this extensive range is the new Series M "Ten-Four," one of whose most revolutionary features is the virtual absence of what is generally accepted as a chassis, the frame being in this case an integral part of the body—a successful way of combining the banishment of weight with the acquisition of strength, the former achievement giving a most advantageous power-weight ratio with resultant high performance. Torsion-bar front suspension and a redesigned and lighter overhead-valve four-cylinder engine of 1140 c.c. (annual tax, £7 10s.) are other features of this admirable little car. Petrol consumption is said to be in the region of 38 m.p.g., while maximum speed is well above the mile-a-minute mark. The price of this newcomer to the Morris range is £175 for the saloon and £185 with sliding-head.

Many very successful models continue unchanged, notably the 12-h.p. at £205, the six-cylinder 14-h.p. at £248 10s., while the popular 25-h.p. is available at £320 in saloon form, with sliding-head or with special coupé body at £345.

THE name ROLLS-ROYCE is one of Great Britain's proudest attainments. The world over, it stands for engineering genius and craftsmanship which knows no

(*Continued on page* L)

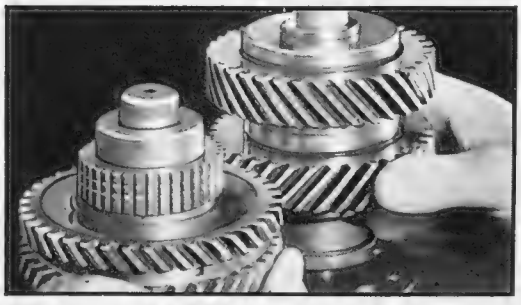
WHAT YOU WON'T SEE AT THE MOTOR SHOW



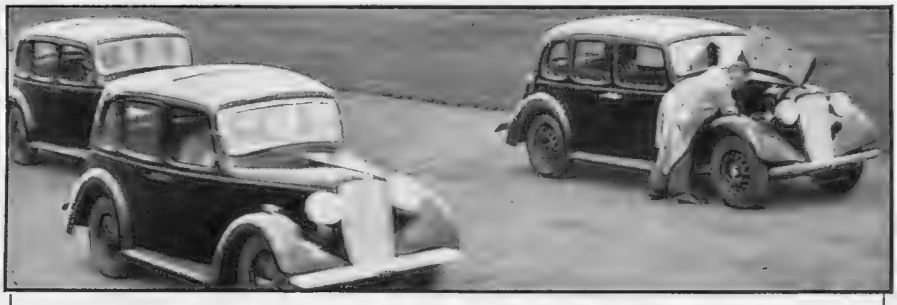
THE POWER OUTPUT of every Austin engine is tested on a dynamometer at various speeds from 1,000 r.p.m. upwards. The engine illustrated here (7.99 h.p. R.A.C. rating) is only passed if it develops an output equivalent to 25 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m., or over three times the taxable h.p.

Most of the things that matter in making a car are the things that don't show on the stand. But sooner or later they show up on the road. The difference between a thousandth and a ten-thousandth of an inch in a bearing or cylinder-bore is not easily seen. To detect such tiny variations in measurements requires scientific equipment, skill and care—care that is well repaid by the difference such accuracy makes to the life, economy and performance of your car.

That is why Austin cars are made by Austin precision methods. Every material used, every component part, is tested, checked and counter-checked. Such precision tests, costly though they may be, are more than justified by the extra dependability of Austin cars. Only because Austin insist on making certain can you be certain your Austin will never let you down.



SILENT GEAR CHANGING, long life and smooth transmission are ensured in Austin cars by the accurate testing of all parts. Here you see just one test; rolling a gear in mesh with a master gear.



FINALLY every Austin car, before it leaves the works, is thoroughly tested on track or road by expert drivers and test mechanics trained to detect even the slightest imperfection in engine, chassis or body-work.

AND WHAT YOU WILL SEE—ON THE AUSTIN STAND No. 150

Now that you have got some idea of the accuracy that goes to the making of Austins, come and see the cars themselves. There are improved engines, new bodies and many other improvements to interest you. The full range from the famous Baby '7' to the entirely new Austin '28' Ranelagh Limousine is on display.

If you cannot visit us at the Motor Show be sure to see the new range of cars at your local dealer's where there's a fascinating little book to be had for the asking called "Making Cars and Making Certain."

Have you seen this month's Austin Magazine?

SEEN ON THE AUSTIN STAND. The young lady finds the new doors on the '12' make getting in and out delightfully simple. She thinks Austins have been very clever in making them higher without spoiling the sweeping body lines of the car.

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

BRITISH CARS — BEST IN THE LONG RUN

The 3½ litre S.S. "Jaguar" Saloon is for Smart People

The New Rover "Ten" Saloon

equal. For this reason alone no visit to the Motor Show is complete without the stimulus imparted to our patriotic instincts by a visit to the Rolls-Royce stand.

Recent national activities have rendered this firm so preoccupied with vitally urgent work that at the time of writing it seems doubtful whether certain plans the company had made will be brought to culmination at Earl's Court as had been hoped, but the twelve-cylinder "Phantom III." model is to be continued, as will the six-cylinder model of 25 to 30 h.p.

In addition to the cars on the Rolls-Royce Company's own stand, there will be the usual examples on the stands of all the highest-class body-makers.

WHEN one thinks of Rolls-Royce, one naturally thinks also of Jack Barclay, who has specialised in the sale of these cars for many years and has recently established his own subsidiary company to concentrate upon the production of specialised bodywork of the highest quality. JAMES YOUNG AND CO. is the name of this concern, and on their stand will be found a Barclay-designed saloon coupé on a "Phantom III." chassis and a six-seater sedanca de ville on the 25/30 h.p. chassis.

THE ROVER range for the coming year includes an entirely new six-cylinder 14-h.p. model and new coachwork on the ever-popular 10-h.p. chassis. The 1939 cars have a redesigned cooling system by means of which the pump now impels cold water into the engine instead of sucking warm water out. Synchromesh gears, combined with the Rover freewheel, is incorporated on all models, while the six-cylinder models also have anti-roll stabilisers fitted front and rear.

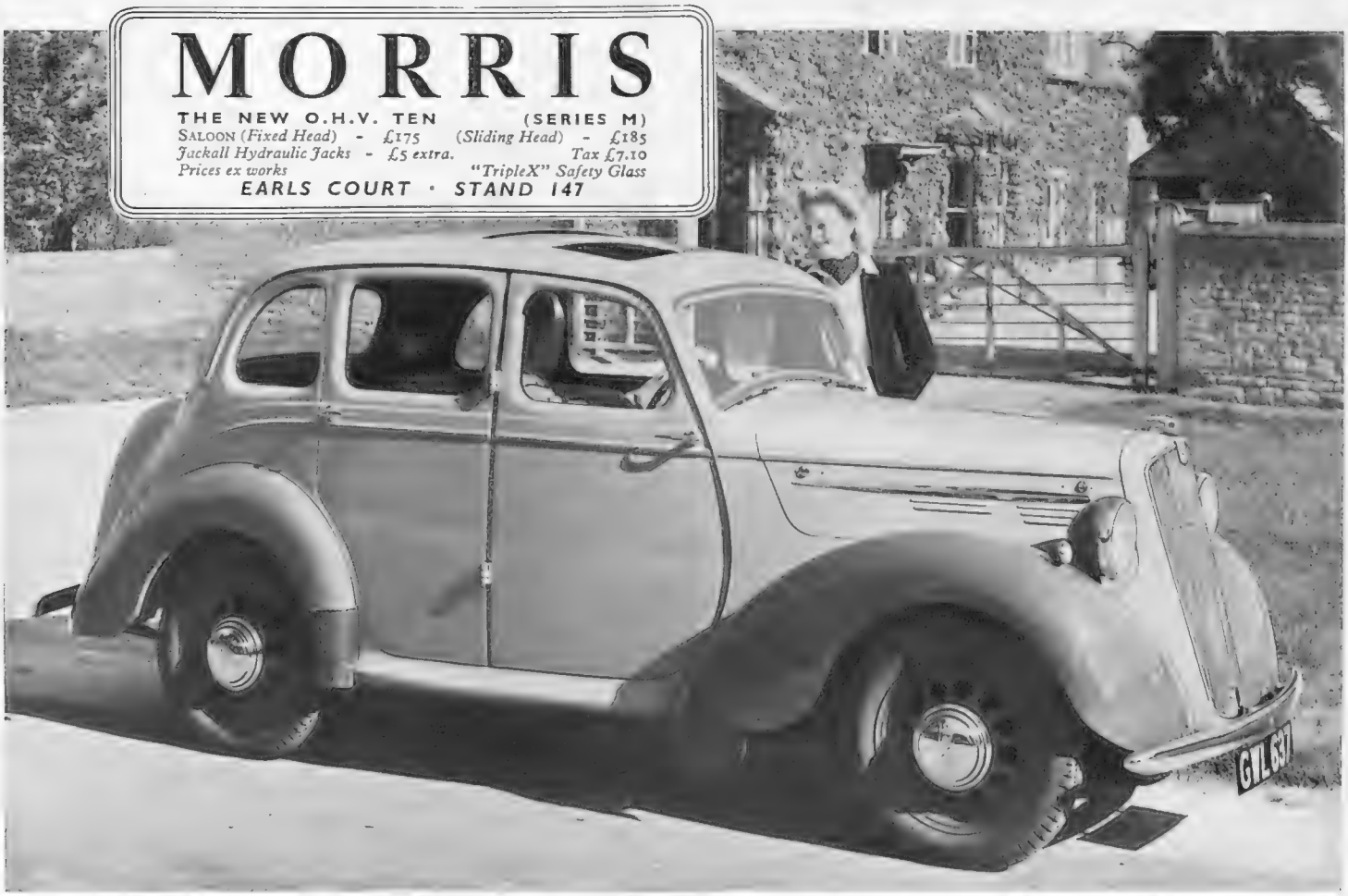
Prices range from £275 to £478 for the twelve models listed.

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. have got an obvious "winner" in their new 8-h.p. model. A roomy saloon with a sweet-running four-cylinder engine giving a splendid performance is available from £129, and I cannot imagine better value. The open tourer costs £125. There are also new 10-h.p. and 12-h.p. models at prices ranging from £169 to £225.

(*Continued on page* N)

MORRIS

THE NEW O.H.V. TEN (SERIES M)
SALOON (*Fixed Head*) - £175 (*Sliding Head*) - £185
Jackall Hydraulic Jacks - £5 extra. *Tax £7.10*
Prices ex works *"TripleX" Safety Glass*
EARLS COURT · STAND 147

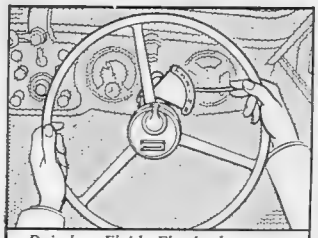


IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD
Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England M.308

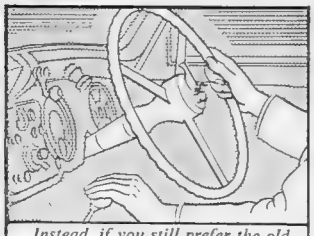
NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD

offers you this choice of gears

. . AND SO MUCH ELSE



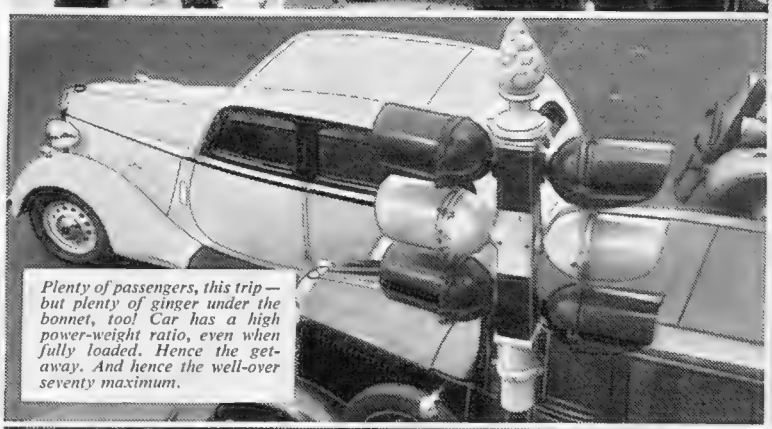
Daimler Fluid Flywheel transmission — gears that you pre-select without taking your hand off the wheel — no gear lever, no clutch . . .



Instead, if you still prefer the old style of gear change — a silent synchro-mesh gearbox and a very sweet, smooth clutch. ***Have which system you like in the new Lanchester!***

Only the new Lanchester 14 gives you this choice of gears — Daimler Fluid Flywheel pre-selective transmission, or synchro-mesh gearbox. And in everything else this most adaptable of cars says not 'Choose' but 'Have it both ways'! Generous body and luggage space *with* vim and high performance. Low, slick lines *with* head-room, leg-room and vision. Soft-sprung comfort *with* stable cornering, absence of pitching. *Think of something you ask of a car — and you'll find that Lanchester has it!*

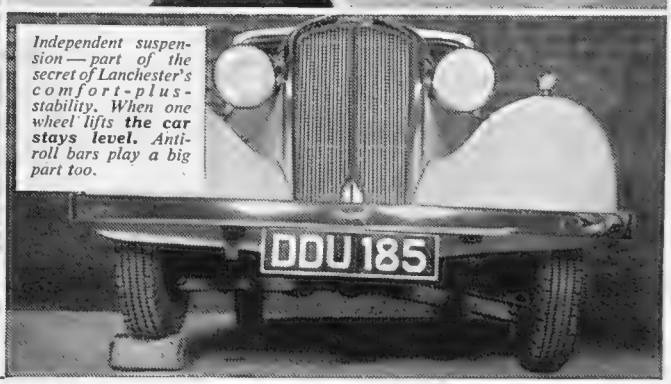
Room for all five? Not only that, in the new de-Luxe 14—but **comfort** *for all five. It's a very big car, in the medium h.p. class.*



Plenty of passengers, this trip — but plenty of ginger under the bonnet, too! Car has a high power-weight ratio, even when fully loaded. Hence the get-away. And hence the well-over seventy maximum.

Velvety when you're losing speed at your leisure—hard when you need them hard: these brakes spell Safety — and spell it e-a-s-y or **STOP** *as occasion demands.*

Comfort of a very practical kind for the driver — a really wide angle of clear view ahead and to both sides. He doesn't need to stretch his neck to watch his wing in a traffic jam.

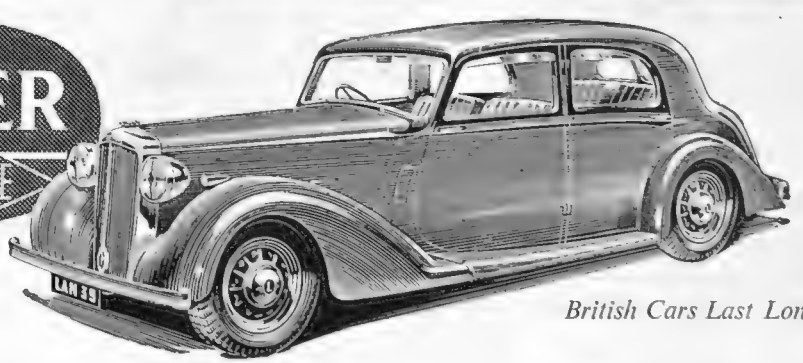


Independent suspension — part of the secret of Lanchester's comfort-plus-stability. When one wheel lifts **the car stays level.** *Anti-roll bars play a big part too.*

The new

LANCHESTER

Roadrider DE-LUXE



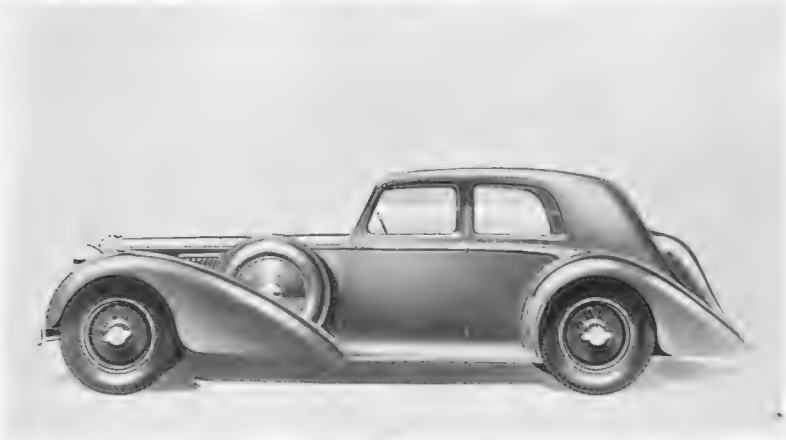
Fluid Flywheel Transmission licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents.

SPORTS SALOON or
SIX-LIGHT SALOON . . . £375 } TAX
with synchro-mesh gearbox £350 } £10. 10

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY • LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

Jack Barclay's Own Bentley, Coachwork by James Young and Co.



The Alvis "Speed Twenty-five" Saloon

• "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

The popular 9-h.p., 14-h.p. and 20-h.p. "Flying Standard" saloon are continued, the lowest-priced of these being £149 and the highest-priced £325. In all, the range comprises fourteen models.

THE S.S. "Jaguar" cars to be shown at Earl's Court will include representative examples from the complete "Jaguar" range. This consists of four distinct chassis—the 3½-litre, 2½-litre, 1½-litre, and the short chassis with 3½- or 2½-litre engine. The models to be shown are substantially as exhibited last year, S.S. Cars, Ltd., being one of the large number of firms who have announced "No change" for the 1939 season. Prices start with the 1½-litre, four-cylinder saloon at £298, and advance to the 3½-litre, six-cylinder drop-head coupé at £465.

THE merging of the Sunbeam and Talbot interests has given us the new SUNBEAM-TALBOT range, the focal-point of which is the new 3-litre model just announced. Four attractive body styles are available on this chassis, the saloon at £415, the sports tourer at £445, the sports saloon at £485 and the drop-head coupé at £525. Independent front-wheel suspension, hand-controlled shock-absorbers and stabilising bumpers are among the many refinements incorporated on this outstanding car.

A four-door sports saloon, a foursome drop-head coupé, and a sports tourer, all on the 10-h.p. Sunbeam-Talbot chassis, and at prices from £250 to £285, augment the range.

SEVEN cars of the successful "Dolomite" type comprise the TRIUMPH Co.'s exhibit. Amongst the most interesting of these is the entirely new 2-litre roadster coupé (price £450), whose ultra smart lines and striking performance combine to make this one of the most distinguished of all medium-priced cars. Other models on the stand are the 2-litre "Royal" saloon (£425), 14/60 standard saloon (£348), 14/60 "Royal" saloon (£375), 1½-litre "Dolomite" sports saloon (£312 18s.), 14/65 roadster coupé (£395), and 14/60 foursome coupé (£395).

All these cars are of outstandingly smart appearance, with a performance commensurate with their looks.

(*Concluded on page* P)

2 YEARS
INSURED LIFE
with every
LUCAS
CAR BATTERY

LUCAS
BRITISH MADE

You get TWO YEARS INSURED LIFE with every Lucas Battery at no extra cost. At any time within two years of purchase your local garage can exchange it for a new one at a cost proportionate to the length of service. Ask your local garage for full details, or write for full list of agents and battery literature.

EARLS COURT—STAND 227
"The Stand of Interest"

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 19.

JAGUAR

YET another year has proved how the Jaguar was predestined to become one of Britain's most outstanding cars. Through 1938 its distinction has remained unchallenged and so all models of this fine car are continued without alteration for 1939 and are available for immediate delivery. 3½ Litre Saloon £445 (Drophead Coupe £465). 2½ Litre Saloon £395 (Drophead £415). 1½ Litre Saloon £298 (Drophead £318).

S.S. Cars Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: Henlys Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1

STAND 126 EARLS COURT

The New Vauxhall "Twenty-Five" Luxury Saloon

Plenty of Room in the "Flying Standard Eight"

"BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

THE new "Twelve-Four" VAUXHALL is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting cars of 1939. There is so much that is worthy of mention about this car that it deserves an article to itself, but an inexorable Editor has instructed me to "keep it short," so I must content myself with stressing only those features which will not be denied.

First comes the intensely ingenious "six-phase" carburation, which enables the engine to adjust its own mixture to suit prevailing conditions. The result of this self-selection of mixture is a consumption figure of more than 35 m.p.g. Another clever feature of this car is the saving of weight due to the use of a new type of chassis construction, comprising an integral chassis and body welded together to form a homogeneous all-steel unit. The degree of smoothness achieved in the engine of this car impressed me tremendously, and its performance and degree of "controllability" are a delight. The standard saloon costs £189 and the de luxe saloon £198, at which it is, I think, Britain's cheapest 12-h.p. car.

Modified "Ten-Four" and six-cylinder 25-h.p. models augment the Vauxhall range at prices from £168 for the standard 10-h.p. saloon to £630 for the "Grosvenor" luxury limousine.

LAST but by no means least comes that splendid example of the sane exploitation of all that modern automobile science has shown us to be best — the WOLSELEY. The range spans from the 12-48-h.p. saloon at £245 (sliding-head £10 extra) to the 25-h.p. limousine at £775, but in between these two extremities come seven most practical models. There are new 14-, 16- and 18-h.p. cars in this comprehensive range. The standard of finish throughout is a cause for pride, while the performance is at least worthy of one's naturally high expectations. Comfort is an outstanding feature of all the Wolseleys, while the entire absence of meretricious equipment is an additional recommendation, in my view.

The Wolseleys are honest-to-goodness cars with no nonsense about them like hand-embroidered cushion-covers. When you buy a Wolseley you know you are getting a good-looking, comfortable and economical British car with a nice turn of speed, excellent brakes and road-holding, and all-round dependability.

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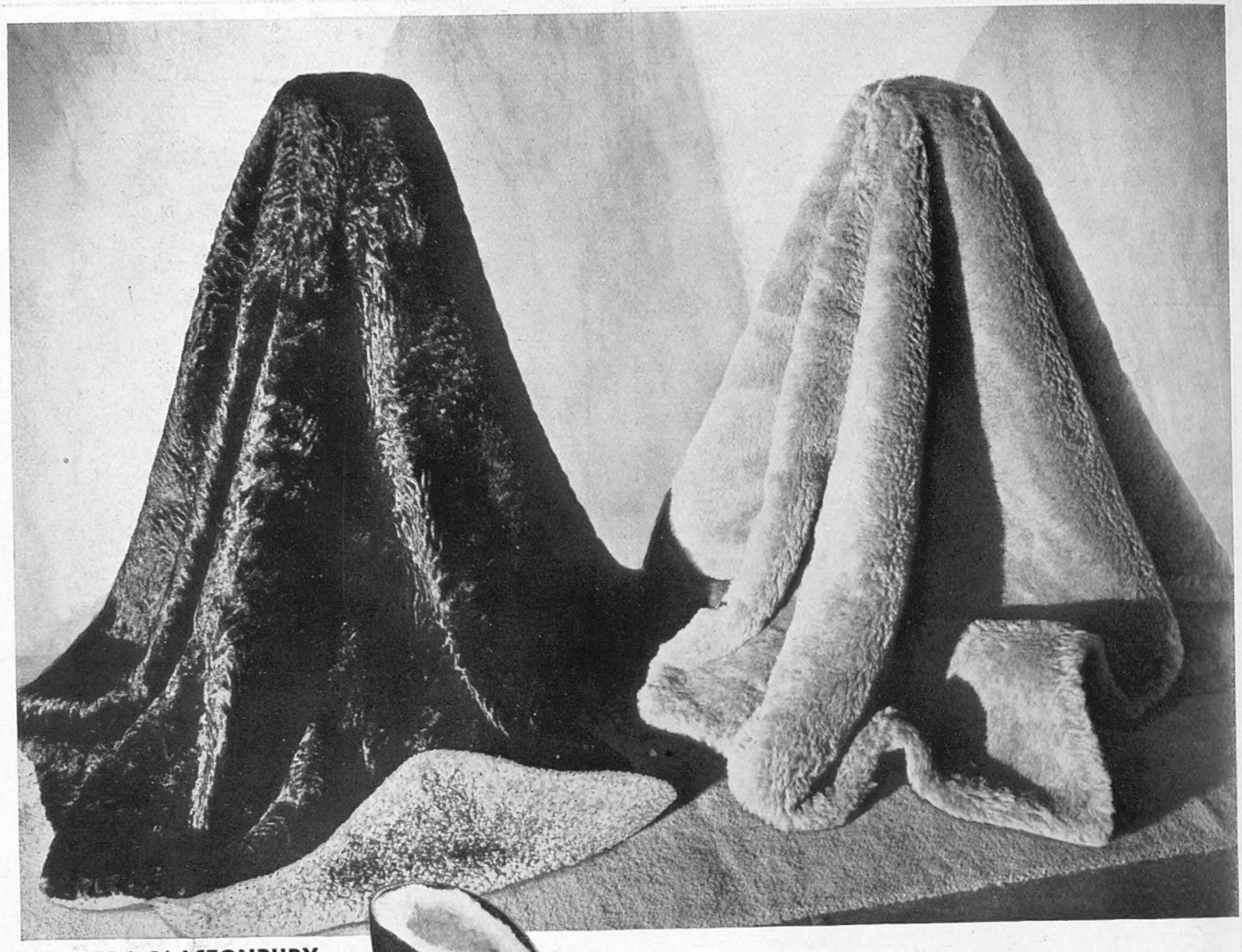

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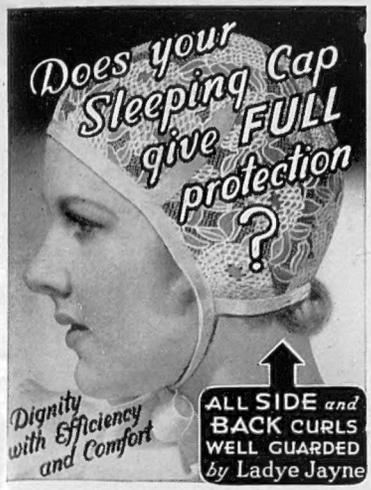

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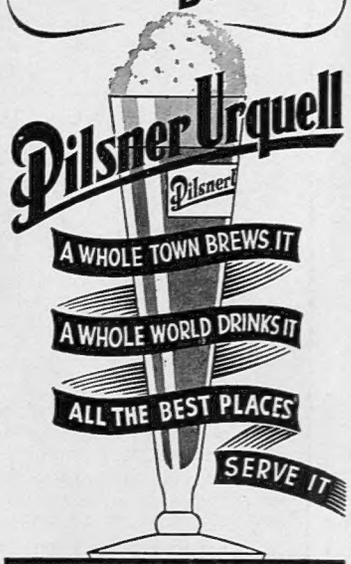

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May we ask your valued support this year in arranging special 'Caps' for Haig's Fund at Meets on or near Remembrance Day? Your help is essential if the British Legion is to keep pace with the ever-increasing need of distressed and disabled ex-servicemen and their dependants. We thank you for your co-operation in the past and especially last year when the record sum of £553,084 was contributed.

"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 11th

Ladies who will give their services as Poppy sellers, November 11th, are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committees.

Further information will be gladly given by Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's (British Legion) Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7

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